

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

COMPENSATION.

The truest words we ever speak
Are words of cheer.
Life has its shade, its valleys deep;
But round our feet the shadows creep,
To prove the sunlight near.
Between the hills those valleys sleep—
The sun-crowned hills,
And down their sides will those who seek
With hopeful spirit, brave though meek,
Find gently flowing rills.
For every cloud, a silvery light;
God wills it so.
For every vale, a shining height;
A glorious morn for every night;
And birth for labor's throe.
For snow's white wing, a verdant field;
A gain for loss.
For buried seed, the harvest yield;
For pain, a strength, a joy revealed,
A crown for every cross.

—Selected.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

In the following letter from our missionary tour and the work performed.

The protracted session, from one to eight, of service, began on this side of the Pacific, as rather long, even for religious services. But it seemed to be greatly relished by our Japanese brethren, and indicates the felt want of these people for the word of life. It is certainly very encouraging to the Reformed Church to see how her Mission is steadily gaining ground in Japan. Surely the Lord is with us, and invites us to labor more earnestly than ever, that we may have a large part in winning the golden key of the Orient for His service and glory.

T. S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

No. 4 Tsukiji, Tokio, Japan,
July 15th, 1884.

Dear Doctor:—Bro. Gring and myself started on a three days' trip into the country to conduct religious services and to baptize some converts. This was the first time that I accompanied a missionary into the country. And because there was so much interest to myself connected with it, I believe an account of it will likewise be interesting to the readers of our Church proper, and inspiring to those who are interested in the success of our work here in Japan.

As it was raining at the time (this is our wet season) and the roads were bad, it was necessary to have two men to draw our jinrikishas. This, in itself, is a novelty to one not accustomed to it. Imagine yourself sitting in a little two-wheeled carriage, with two men, tandem fashion, on a dog-trot, pulling you along, and you have a picture of your missionaries with their evangelist, a Japanese, en route for the country, one on his first missionary tour.

The sights one sees by the way are as novel as the mode of travel. Groups of children, boys and girls, stark naked, playing by the roadside; men with nothing but a small loin-cloth around them, and women almost as scantily-dressed, plying their vocations in the fields and around the houses, reminding one more of animals than human beings. These are constant sights one sees. What extremes! In Tokio you meet fine looking, intelligent, well dressed (in foreign costume, with a business air) men such as we see in our American cities. On the other hand, especially in the country, you meet men, women and children, who, in their naked-

ness, general appearance and conduct are more like animals. These are, of course, a lower class, and are, I think, not the majority of the Japanese people. Japan might be said to be one vast rice-field; elevated places here and there are the only exceptions. And a rice-field is about a foot or more of mud, with from 3 to 6 inches of water covering the mud, and the rice growing out above the water. Men and women standing and working in the water up to their knees and elbows, planting, weeding, etc., and sometimes a horse with a kind of harrow driven along over the field or patch; horse, boy leading him, and man at the harrow covered with mud up to their heads. Rice is planted, grows, and is harvested in the mud.

At 12 o'clock, noon, we reached our first stopping-place, in a village 15 miles from Tokio, having traveled this distance in a little more than 3 hours.

The farmer with whom we stopped, and who was himself a candidate for baptism, had the house all arranged for our coming. We were ushered, with a great deal of ceremony, into what might be called the parlor, containing a small table and two foreign chairs, bought for the occasion. This was our room for religious service, parlor, dining and sleeping room. By removing sliding doors, this room could be enlarged to the extent of the whole house and accommodate a large number of people. This man, whose name is Nakano Tesuke, is an intelligent, well-to-do farmer. He had been a Buddhist, but, buying a copy of the Scriptures from our evangelist and hearing him preach, he determined to investigate the Christian religion, and was convinced of its truth. Thereupon he threw out, as he told us, his idols and tablets (he believed in and worshipped some 800 gods), and sent Mr. Gring a letter, asking to be baptized.

In the afternoon this man, with three others, all married men in middle life, were Gring preached a sermon from Matt. 28: 19, after which the four men were examined as to their fitness for the rite of baptism. The examination was quite satisfactory; they gave evidence of knowledge and earnestness in the Christian faith, and the man of the house was forthwith baptized. At this house we stayed all night, and the next morning we went to a neighboring village, three miles distant, the home of the three other men. This man, Mr. Yoshida, with whom we sojourned, is a man of standing and influence, a leader in his village. He said he had never been a worshipper of idols. By one o'clock an audience of between 50 and 60, including two Buddhist priests, had assembled, though it rained hard, and the roads were very bad. Bro. Gring preached from John, third chapter (the new birth), after which he baptized the three persons above mentioned, and then we all, to the number of seven, joined in the celebration of the Lord's Supper. After an address by the writer, which was interpreted by Mr. Gring, a prayer and benediction, the audience was dismissed. But the people would not go. After a cup of tea and a smoke they called for more preaching. So our evangelist and Bro. G. discoursed for awhile on the one true God and Jesus Christ His Son, the Saviour of men. This, together with more singing and prayer, ended the service once more. And still they would not go. Several others came in, in the meantime, who were not present at the other services. Bro. Gring and the evangelist addressed them again, so that it was 8 o'clock P. M. when the service finally closed. Just think, a service, with a few short intermissions, from 1 o'clock to 8 o'clock in the evening! And engaged in with the most rapt attention and profound interest, not excepting the Buddhist priests! This shows the life and power of the word of God. The story of the cross, as revealing the love of God to sinful man, and the provisions God has so graciously made for his salvation, meets a felt want of humanity, and arrests the attention of the most benighted in all lands. So here in Japan.

These four persons, with the assistance of our evangelist, intend starting a Sunday school in their houses. There are

about a dozen interested persons, inquirers, in the community, who are receiving instruction. By September we hope to make another trip, when we will baptize, let us hope, a dozen or more, and, if so, organize them into a congregation. The temple in the place, we were told, had fallen into ruins; upon these ruins, by the blessing of God, we hope to rear a temple to the living God. The next day after this, in a boat, accompanied by these four brethren, we returned to Tokio. As Bro. Gring remarked, we were coming, "bringing home the sheaves." These men wanted to talk more about religion; because of this, and also to show their good will toward us, they accompanied us on a skiff down the river. Surely this was a Gospel ship. With the exception of the two boatmen, all were believers. Wearing a number of hymns, read together the 27th chapter of Acts (Paul's voyage to Rome), had prayer, and we all felt that it was good to be on that boat. We were delighted, and Bro. Gring and I remarked together that, even though it involved our sleeping on the floor, tormented by fleas and some other discomforts and sacrifices, yet we would rather be missionaries of the cross than preach in the finest church in America, or occupy the highest office.

Last Sunday Bro. Baptized two converts at Nihon Bashi; three more are to be baptized next Sunday—a prominent dentist and his wife and a student of his, all of Tokio. These three were students of Mrs. Moore, and through her efforts they are coming to Christ and into His Church. It affords us extreme pleasure to report such cheerfulness, as I know it will interest you to be them.

Let me assure you, there is a field white for the harvest, and yet our dear old Church has only two miles in it. Our work is moving all this side of the waters, and we are to notice signs of increasing interest on the other side. You not all know of it, but we still may be done? Unto God be all the praise and glory. Yours,

J. P. MOORE.

Foreign Correspondence.

For The Messenger.

LETTER FROM SWITZERLAND.

BRIENZ, Switzerland, Aug. 8, 1884.

Dear Dr. Davis:—I last to you I think was from Munich, and now I will try to pen a few lines to you from this Alpine country, the land of Töl, and of Zwingli. I can merely indicate briefly my route from Munich, as being first to Innsbruck, in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol, where there was grand Alpine scenery; then through the Brenner Pass, the only one as yet free from quarantine, into Italy, to Verona, Venice, Florence, Rome. I should give you at least one letter on Rome, as I hope yet to do. "All roads lead to Rome" is verified by the traveler who passes first through other sections of Europe, and after Rome one feels that everything else is modern and new. But much still awaited our great admiration after we left Rome. I think Lake Como overtops all the lakes of Europe in grandeur and loveliness. We reached it via Pisa and Milan.

But if Rome is the culmination of all European travel in a historic point of view, Switzerland is in like manner the culmination in respect of the grandeur and sublimity of nature. From Como I came to Lucerne. From this point our party of four took one day to go to the top of Rigi, going some distance over the lake, and then by rail up—above the clouds. Such a view one can have but once in a lifetime. The morning was cloudy, and we feared this would be unfavorable for our visit, but it proved otherwise. When we reached the summit we were in the clear, bright sunlight, and looking down in one direction we saw a sea of fleecy clouds that looked like soft, wavy billows of snow. I never knew before how beautiful the upward side of the clouds appear when they seem sombre and leaden below. But here it was—as far as the eye could reach extended this wondrous sea of clouds.

After a few hours the clouds began to break, as often occurs after a cloudy morning towards noon, or in the after part of the day. And now we began to see patches here and there of green earth, here a strip of farm land, there a village, then the lake, the white roads, and the winding streams, until at last the whole panorama opened to view. Really it was the most fascinating scene the eye could behold on this earth. Meanwhile in another direction the eye rested on innumerable Alpine peaks, covered with snow, glistening in the sunshine, and over those tips above the lower clouds, other, higher clouds piled up in those peculiar perpendicular forms one often sees, as if to say—"see how we clouds can stand out in great battlements to sentinel these grand mountain heights!" In such a presence of nature's grandeur one can well stand in silence, as he desires also to do when gazing on the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Forum, or scenes along the Appian Way, in Rome! The one presents the sublime of time, in those ruins of the grandest works of man in the past; the other presents the sublime of both space and time, in the mighty works of creation. The grandeur is first that of space to the beholder, but after gazing upon the scene the thought arises that these Alpine peaks are older—far, far, older than the Coliseum! Back in the prehistoric ages they arose sky-ward, and through the long, long, ages the glaciers have wrought many a furrow upon their brows. Yes, they are furrowed and scarred with age, and one is overwhelmed in thinking of their antiquity. Thinking, I said, but it is not just thought, it is a feeling, an operation of the phantasy that takes it in.

But I must end this attempt at describing what can only be felt, and speak now of some other matters. The day following we visited Zurich, the scene of the greatest work of Huldreich Zwingli, the great Reformer. Zurich is a pleasant, busy, city of some 60,000 inhabitants, and as one enters it he beholds scenes common to all cities. The busy crowds move along the streets, the merchants are selling goods, the idlers are sitting about, and the little bells announce the street cars, just as in any other city. We inquire for the old Dome Kirche. It is pointed out to us. "Hat nicht Zwingli hier gepredigt?" The person inquired of looks blank for a moment, as if some Rip Van Winkle had come back from the far-off times of the Reformation, then, collecting himself, he replies: "O, ja wohl, hier hat er gepredigt!" He passes on, perhaps wondering why this traveller is interested in Zwingli in these late days. We knock at the door of the plain-looking old cathedral, and an elderly lady opens it, and welcomes us to enter. Here it stands, in outline just as it was when Zwingli preached in it to the Zurichers, over three hundred years ago. In the center, and on an elevated platform in the one end, stands the large altar, the only piece of furniture in the ancient rear chancel; directly in front of the altar, and on a lower platform, stands the large circular baptismal font, and to the right, looking from the altar, and up against one of the large pillars, stands the pulpit. The seats are the plainest wooden benches. Here, then, Zwingli preached the new Protestant doctrine from the word of God.

Up the narrow street back of the church stands the house in which he lived. We enter the great man's study, a nearly square room, about 12 by 14 feet, with a low ceiling, and shelving for some books. Very little has been changed, though, of course, the hand of Time required some repairs of what it had begun to demolish. Here he had to be guarded from secret attack from the hands of his enemies. Who knows how much of his work was performed in this little study?

Now we go down to the town library near by, where a very interesting museum of antiquities is kept. The keeper above stairs entertains us till 4 o'clock describing the truly interesting collection of stone utensils dug out of the bottom of Lake Lucerne, but we are impatient to see Zwingli's room below. At 4 o'clock the

room is opened, and we enter and see the pictures saved from the old church, and the likeness of Zwingli and his daughter; then we come to Zwingli's Bible, with his family record in his own hand-writing, a letter of his, one from Lady Jane Grey to Bullinger, and other important papers.

Now we stand in the city again, and look over upon the beautiful neighboring hills, on which the eyes of Zwingli often rested. The same sky is overhead, and the same sun, now sinking toward the Western horizon, sends his beams down upon the landscape, but the great man is not here, not even a relic of his remains. They were burned to ashes and scattered to the winds, but, as he said when he received his death wound: "They may kill the body; the soul they cannot kill." He still lives, not only in heaven, but in the grateful memory of millions on earth.

This evening we crossed the lake here at Brienz, and walked up to see the illumination of the celebrated Giesbach waterfall. It would require a whole letter to describe this as we saw it. Two Swiss rowed us over, Johann Linder and Petrus Flück, both members of the Reformed Church, with whom we had long and interesting conversation, of which more at another time. Returning, we sang for them "Nun danket alle Gott," then "Nearer, my God, to Thee," "Rock of Ages," and other hymns, with the soft moonlight shimmering down upon the lake and us. Those hard-worked and face-furrowed Swiss listened with tender emotion. Both had lost wife and children, and their thoughts were drawn to the other world.

"Now sing one more," they said, as we approached the shore. While we sang the last hymn, "Come, Thou Fount of every blessing," Mrs. Bausman leading the soprano, they kept the boat going in a circle, and finally the oars rested still to the close. "Such singing have we not heard here this whole summer," they said.

We landed, placed something in the hard, busy head of each, and said "Gute nacht," perhaps never to see them again on earth. At the hotel near the lake they said they heard our beautiful singing; then "gute nacht, schlaffen sie wohl," came from the porter and the waiting-maid, so beautifully said, and we turned to our prayers and peaceful slumber. Oh, these kind, simple-hearted Swiss, how dear they seem to us!

To-morrow morning we expect to call on pastor Baumgardner, and, later in the day, go on to Interlochen, to see the Jungfrau, Shamoney and other wonders of this Alpine country. It is true, as the Swiss say from country and home is wont to say: "Unser Herr Gott hat nur ein Schweiz gemacht." Long will the memory of dear Switzerland go with us in our wandering and in the years to come.

Yours truly, T. G. A.

For The Messenger.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

LAKE COMO, Italy, August 4, 1884.

MY DEAR MESSENGER:—Many years ago I used to write letters for your columns whilst on a pilgrimage through Italy. I cannot leave this classic land without sending you at least one letter concerning my present visit. We approached this country cautiously. On account of the cholera in the south of France all, save one or two of the approaches to Italy, from the north were quarantined. The Brenner pass, on the extreme east, was the only railroad entrance left us. At Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, we were assured that this way was still open. After ten hours travel across the Alps—one of the grandest day's journeys I ever made—we reached Verona, in the north of Italy near midnight. A prominent official with emphatic gesticulation, and to us unintelligible explanations, hastened us into a large room at the depot. No sooner were all the passengers in than all the doors were locked. A grim looking policeman, with heavy cocked hat, in full uniform and sabre, guarded each door. A long row of open trunks were placed on a counter. Ah, we thought, another custom house examination. But no one examined. After a little, the room was filled with a strange odor. The atmosphere seemed heavy and difficult to breathe. Soon we discovered what it meant.

They were smoking (fumigating as it is here called) the contents of our trunks, our persons and our clothing, to purify or disinfect us from the possible causes of cholera. Carbolic acid may be a good disinfectant, but its odors are anything but pleasant to inhale. We were smoked from fifteen to twenty minutes. Never did God's sweet free air seem more delightful to breathe than when on that rainy midnight at Verona, we were turned out of that horrid smoke-house, like a herd of cattle bounding from their barn enclosures into pastures green. In spite of the discomfort this disinfecting process had its humorous side too. Some faces turned pale from fright, others were livid with rage. Eyes flashed with fiery fury, and lips unused to harsh epithets poured forth their wrath in phrases of unaccustomed vehemence. Said one, with a face that looked as if it had never smiled: "I am going to get out of this. Shall go no further into this dirty country, but go back to Germany." "How will you do it?" I asked. "Soar back on wings across the high Alps to-night." Another addressed me with a look of unutterable disgust: "This diabolical fumigation. Here we have come from the healthy air and pure habits of the Rhine and the Alps, and must be smoked by these dirty Italians! It is they that stand in need of being fumigated, and not we."

Two days later quarantine was established here, which required all persons entering from the Tyrol to be locked up for five days, in a gloomy place, among a crowd of people filthy and fair, and be drugged, smoked and otherwise treated by methods which to sensitive, nervous people are more likely to cause than cure the cholera.

Old Italy.

There is a dead and a living Italy. The former you see and study in piles of ruins; in buildings one and two thousand years old still well preserved and in use. As we stood in the Roman Forum, I fancied I could see the crowds of 2000 years ago. The common and courtly people, the slaves and their masters crowding its walks and intently listening to some speaker on the tribune. In the Coliseum, and in many other places, Rome long since dead lies buried. One seems to be haunted by the ghosts of those who forced the gladiators to kill each other, and who cast the early Christians before lions to "make a Roman holiday." Many monuments along the Appian Way cover the dust of the great of old Rome. In the Vatican and other galleries you find the marble busts and forms of hundreds of dead Rome—kings, princes and emperors; people of other nations, too, have a place here, long since dead. Socrates, Plato, Seneca, and others live on in their writings. Others are remembered only for their infamy. The men who produced these works, in painting or sculpture, through these live on, though dead. Thus all over Italy you meet with a dead Italy. With the

Living Italy

we have now mingled nearly two weeks. To do justice to it, it ought to be two years. In America we derive our impressions of the Italians from the swarthy, dirty organ grinders who infest our streets and the low people who help to build our railroads. These are the scum of Italy. With rare exceptions, the best people of Italy do not come to America. Certainly there is a low, filthy class here. In Rome alone out of a population of 500,000 there are 100,000 who can neither read nor write. Of late years better schools for the common people have been introduced, so that popular education is rapidly improving.

But I feel convinced that the typical Italian in social refinement and in the highest kind of culture has few equals among the other nations of the earth. These people are the heirs of twenty centuries of the best art the world has produced. To this day people of all lands come to Italy to study art. Of Americans alone there are at present many hundreds here who study music under Italian masters. Students of painting and sculpture are found here in thousands from all lands. Not in religion, but in the fine arts, the world now as in the past, is sitting at the feet of Italy.

The humblest hut often has its cheap pictures on the wall, its clay or marble busts on the mantle. Groups of people with brawny hands and bronzed faces and in plainest garb, studiously walk through galleries of art, and stand before the Apollo Belvidere, Raphael's Last Judgment, or the Moses of Michael Angelo, and with uncovered heads and lowest whispers, admire and examine them, whilst some finely dressed American snobs, with open guide book in hand, indulge in boisterous Peckenian comments for a moment, and

then with a proud swagger walk away. Many Americans are a credit to our nation, and of some I have been heartily ashamed.

The people whom you meet in the stores and streets of Venice, Florence, Rome and Milan, show a degree of taste and refinement of manners which you cannot help but admire. I have studied them in St. Mark's place in Venice, where thousands socially gather of summer evenings, along the Corso in Rome, and around the Cathedral Square in Milan. Whilst fashions may be carried to sinful extremes, I do admire the good taste of people who know how to dress with rational propriety. And for this I commend these Italian women, and am borne out in my opinion by one who knows more of such matters than I do. I have seen scores of these ladies, and men, too, with forms as perfect as that of the Apollo Belvidere, and dressed with charming taste. You see them saluting each other on the street, conversing in familiar or more formal intercourse with a graceful naturalness and ease of manner which you often miss in other countries. Their language naturally sounds musical. They speak very rapidly. In conversation they are much more lively than we are. They seem to speak with the hands and shoulders, whilst the whole face beams with a significant expression. One sometimes feels as if they were throwing handfuls of syllables at you. They are proud of their language, and very sensitive to the slightest maltreatment of their mother tongue. What a contrast between the filthy, swarthy Italians in America and these finely formed, fair-skinned, bright people.

A very different class of people are these living Italians from those represented by the marble busts and statues dug up from ruined palaces and villas. As one reads Dante's Inferno, in Florence or Rome, or sits and muses before the paintings of Angelo, Raphael and many others, you wonder whether the like of them may not be among these people you meet here now. The galleries teem with the forms and likenesses of the dead Italians—great men whose spirits still "rule us from their urns." What of the living, present Italians? Looked at from the standpoint of social refinement and taste, I believe the living compare favorably with the dead.

A brief sojourn in Italy scarcely justifies one to speak of its religious condition. In the number and architectural style of its churches it has no superior on the face of the earth. Churches like St. Peter's at Rome and the cathedral of Milan are numbered among the few greatest ecclesiastical edifices in the Christian world. But you everywhere hear of and see evidences of the decadence of religious life. Whilst members of the Church, the bulk of the male population of Italy rarely attend a religious service. They have lost faith in Romanism, without having anything better to take its place. A feeling of religious indifference, if not of positive hatred to Christianity has taken possession of the great part of the Italian people. The bulk of worshipers in the churches are women. Attending an Italian service at a Protestant church in Florence, where some forty Sunday school boys, but no girls were present, I asked one of the pastors: "Where are your Sunday-school girls?" With a significant shrug of the shoulders, he replied: "We have all boys; very few girls. The women and daughters of Italy are still largely influenced by the priests, and can seldom be converted to the Protestant faith. The men and the sons are rapidly losing faith in the Papacy. From these we get our members."

Italy swarms with priests. The people are entertained by spectacular ceremonials. Many of their churches have music and are decorated with works of art such as are found only in Italy. And the popular taste is educated to enjoy these. Many of their churches are rich treasures of works of art. The masses of men visit them to study and enjoy art, but not to worship God. Art is their only religion. Yet withal, they are in morals and manners infinitely in advance of the typical Italians whose busts and pictures enrich the galleries of art. But as to pure and undefiled religion, as it is before God the Father? Well, let the Searcher of hearts be the judge of that. B. BAUSMAN.

THE ROD.

God has so arranged and ordered all things, that His apparent change of purpose shall follow every true prayer, and His nature of love and tenderness be revealed to every humble and waiting soul. When our afflictions have wrought out in us the ends which His wisdom and mercy have sought, and have brought us in a right frame before His truth and majesty

we shall be able to discern modifications in His treatment, which are as if our God had changed His mind towards us, but which are really but changes in methods proceeding from the same mind and purpose of mercy and truth. We need all along our road in life the visitations of God's rod. God could not be a faithful and loving Father, and withhold the rod. Our stupidity and waywardness demand this interference of the rod. It comes in sickness, pecuniary losses, family bereavement, false accusations, and in many other ways. None of these come by chance. God is behind each, and that, too, in love. Blessed is the man who discerns this. Blessed is the man who can reckon on the rod as part of his spiritual wealth! Blessed is the man who can say with David, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!"—where the chastisement and support are seen to come from the same hand and to prove the same divine love.—Dr. Howard Crosby.

Family Reading.

I BIDE MY TIME.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I bide my time. Whenever shadows darken
Along my path, I do but lift mine eyes
And faith reveals fair shores beyond the skies.
And through earth's harsh, discordant sounds I
Hearken
And hear divinest music from afar,
Sweet sounds from lands where half my loved
ones are.

I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. Whenever woes assail me
I know the strife is only for a day;
A friend waits farther on the way—
A friend too faithful not true to fail me,
Who will bid all life's jarring turmoil cease
And lead me on to realms of perfect peace.
I bide—I bide my time.

I bide my time. Thine conflict and resistance,
This drop of rapine in a cup of pain,
This wear and tear of body and of brain
But fits my spirit for the new existence
Which waits me in the happy By-and-By.
So, come what may! I lift mine eyes and cry:
"I bide—I bide my time."
—Advance.

A DAILY CONSTITUTIONAL.

"I don't know that's the matter with mother. I can't pass her."
"I can tell you, said Will's little brother, bluntly, "she's cross."
"My! my son!" said the father, reprovingly, evidently particularly sorry that I, as "company," should hear the boys. Fortunately, Will said the truthful James disappeared, and I laid down his paper with a sigh. "I don't know what's the matter," he said, in my much Will's tone of voice, "mother yet disapproving of the state of affairs."
"I do," said I, and I thought I was going to catch the little brother—catch me owning up any woman's crossness to a man!—I do. She has not been out of this house for three days. If you had been shut up within four walls for two days there would be no living with you. Lizzie bears it better but even her patience and natural sweetness of disposition give way under the strain."
"What's to be done?" asked John, after he had meditated for a moment over Lizzie's sweetness.
"Supper comes next; but, as soon as that is over, I will get Lizzie out of the house. I'll put her to bed, and you must keep her out the air for at least an hour."
"She won't go."
"I knew that would be the difficulty."
"Have a headache, or some trouble or other, and ask her to go for your sake."
"O, but she's used to my going out alone."
"More shame to you!" I growled, and I hope John withered and shrank inside.
"If you ask her to go I'll see that she accepts."
I then hunted up Lizzie—one woman always knows where to find another after she has been "cross"—and talked in this wise:
"Lizzie, you are not only very unhappy yourself, but you are making your children and husband unhappy."
"I know it—I've prayed—" sobbed Lizzie.
"God wants you to obey. There is no use breaking His laws and then praying. Do your praying out in the open air, instead of lying in your bed with your head buried in the pillows. Now, Lizzie, when you and I were girls you were pretty and I was plain; what does your glass say now?"

Lizzie flushed. She had been a pretty woman, but was yellow and faded. She was always too busy to do more than be tidy, and her good looks were almost a thing of the past.
"You have naturally a lovely complexion, but the pores of your skin are all stopped up. Try a good dose of fresh air each day, and see what a change it will make. Now, John is going to ask you to take a walk after tea, and I beg you to go. I'll put Jim to bed, and tell him such a story that he will long for you to go every night. There is the tea bell."
Two hours later my friends came in. Lizzie's cheeks were quite pink and she was wind, her eyes looked bright and she was full of delight over some flowers which John had given her. We drew our chairs together, and talked of women's need of fresh air.

"I never thought of how necessary it is," said John, penitently, "and then Lizzie was always too busy."

"And will be again," said Lizzie. "It's no use talking, I can't spare time to go out every day."

Then I held forth, and, without giving the exact words, I will state my side of the argument: A woman owes it to her husband and children to keep well; she cannot do so unless she breathes the fresh air every day. She may not get absolutely ill from housing herself, but is not at her best. Now, one thing that hinders a woman from running out into the air is dressing. Do let us be independent in this matter! Then, as to time, I know it is difficult to break off from your sewing or housework and run out, and it requires another effort to pick up your work again when you return; but it pays, and it is your duty. Choose some certain hour, and as nearly as possible keep to it, except when you are to be out during another part of the day. I know one very busy mother who walks to school with her young daughter every day. She thought she could not possibly spare the time, but her physician persuaded her to try it, and now the strength she has gained makes her able to work so much faster that the half hour is not missed. Another might find it better to take an evening stroll—it is not quite so good, but it is far better than none at all. Your mind will work better, your appetite be more keen, and the children will not find you "cross" half so often. Did you ever try blending your time of devotion and exercise? You can pray to God as you walk the streets. Think over your perplexities in the open air and many of them will vanish. We magnify our own importance when we shut ourselves up at home.—Presbyterian.

HINTS FOR THE GIRLS.

Any one who has watched a school of girls, sauntering in to their lessons, must have been impressed with the general ungracefulness, and the frequency of stooping shoulders and narrow chests.

The gawky habit of protruding the chin is almost universal, and the girl who does not offensively stick out her elbows is an exception. Yet we live in an age of physical culture and gymnastic achievement.

It is safe to assert that neither the girls nor their mothers are indifferent to their personal appearance, but the growth of these habits is so insidious as often to escape their notice.

Everything that tends to grace leads to health. I mean real, simple, natural grace, not the artificially sometimes mistaken for it. The first requisite is an erect spine—a good foundation for physical security. I will not even mention the hackneyed subject of tight lacing, but any dressmaker will tell you she rarely finds a woman whose hips are the same height, or whose shoulders are the same width.

Now we may get helpful hints from the Orient in this. In all countries where burdens are constantly carried on the head the figures are elastic and graceful. Travelers in India always remark the exquisite grace of the Hindu girls. From early childhood they are accustomed to carry on their heads slender earthen jugs filled with water. Even on the roughest roads they do not touch them with their hands, and they never soiled a drop. The same grace is often seen in Southern Italy and parts of Spain. Even the Italian fruit vendors in our city streets, with large baskets poised on their heads, have finely-shaped shoulders, and a gait a belle might envy. The simple reason is, this exercise of carrying burdens on the head strengthens the muscles of the back, brings the spine into a natural, proper position, while it throws the chest forward, tending to expand it.

Teachers may help in this direction, during the winter days of indoor recess, by allowing the girls to file around the room with their atlases poised on their heads, each girl to be seated when she drops her book. When they are familiar with the exercise, smaller books may be used, and even tumblers of water, by the most skillful. Another simple device to prevent girls from stooping is never to allow them to draw their feet under their seats, but always to place them forward.

The father of a young girl was quite distressed by her tendency to round shoulders, and, finding the habit increase, instead of resorting to shoulder-braces, adopted a simple expedient within reach of any one. He padded a stick a yard long (piece of a broom handle, I think), and placed it horizontally across the girl's back, letting the ends come in front of the arms. She wore it five minutes, at first, gradually increasing the time. In a few weeks she enjoyed the exhilarating effect so much as to walk with it an hour, a favorite position when committing lessons. The stoop in the shoulders soon disappeared, and she is now unusually erect. She likes to repeat the girl's experiment whenever walking on country roads, using her sun umbrella or parasol.

It is well to remember that muffs, if constantly carried by growing girls, induce drooping shoulders. An old physician once told his granddaughters they would have straight backs and an agreeable carriage, if in walking they would always try to touch the chin to the neck. The effort to do this unconsciously helps to put the spine in a proper attitude, and tends to throw the shoulders back.

The disagreeable habit of sticking out the elbows, so common among the girls of to-day, is partly affectation, and partly due to the present fashion of tight sleeves. A pretty blonde actually insisted to me that

it was "stylish" to carry the elbows in this inelegant manner. O girls!

"Wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us."

What girl would not like to be pretty? The face is very much a matter of inheritance, yet any girl who is willing to take the trouble may cultivate a fine figure and graceful carriage which will still be beautiful possessions when the pretty face is wrinkled and careworn.—Congregationalist.

SAVING POWER OF MARRIAGE.

I have noticed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and self-respect kept alive by finding that, although abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home, of which he is monarch. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect—to fall to ruins, like some deserted mansions, for want of inhabitants. I have often had occasion to mark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character that at times it approaches sublimity.—Washington Irving.

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

The young man whose thoughts last spring lightly turned to love, are now less lightly turning to the subject of bread and butter and house rent. These subjects are, perhaps, less exciting, but certainly more wholesome. The sooner it is realized that life is not made up of ice-cream and cigarettes, and that courting is only a pretty portal to something better, the sooner will the subject of house rent assume its proper charm. The curse of our American life is too much boarding house. It is hard, perhaps, for the young wife to settle down to the sober baking of bread that may—indeed, is likely to—be a little heavy. The young man, perhaps, finds it a little wearing to have to do many little things about "the house" when his day's work is done at the store or office. But any amount of worry or anxiety is better than the unwholesome air of the average boarding-house. If the young people start in on the boarding-house plan they are likely to continue it from mere laziness. Even when the income would permit of a modest home, the ease and company of their life with others covers up the roughness, the vulgarity, and even coarseness, that boarding, except under exceptional circumstances, almost surely entails. The gossip, jesting, and idle talk that must be heard and heard to one's self, the little dangers that have escaped when the home is started, but it is in your power to control it, and if you are wise it will be far above what the general boarding house is in point of "tone," and God will not be left out. We asked a young man the other day if he had any sort of spiritual life amid his business cares. "No," he replied, "I am boarding." It is generally, with a single man, impossible to manage otherwise, but let it never be the final wish or the chosen mode when a house, even with cares, is within reach.—Christian Hour.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

CHEAP FRUIT CAKE—Cup and a half of brown sugar, two cups of flour, three-fourths of a cup of butter, three eggs, three tablespoonsful of sour milk, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a cup of fruit jam—blackberry is best—one cup of raisins chopped fine.

STUFFED EGG PLANT—Parboil them to take off their bitterness; then slit each one down the side and extract the seeds; have ready a stuffing made of grated bread crumbs, butter, minced sweet herbs, salt, pepper, nutmeg and beaten yolk of egg; fill with it the cavity whence you took the seeds and bake; serve them up with a made gravy poured into the dish.

TOMATOES WITH MACARONI—Take a quantity of tomatoes, cut them up and remove from each the pulp and watery substance they contain; put them into a saucepan, with a small piece of butter, pepper and salt; add a few spoonfuls of either stock or gravy; keep stirring on the fire until they are reduced to a pulp; pass them through a hair sieve, and dress the macaroni with this sauce and plenty of Parmesan cheese freshly grated.

COCONUT TARTS—Line small tins with a nice light crust and fill with this mixture. Dissolve a quarter of a pound of sugar in a little water, add as much grated coconut as you can stir in, and have well mixed with the sugar. Let this simmer slowly for a few minutes; then when it cools add the yolks of two eggs. Fill the tins and bake for ten minutes in a quick oven. Cover the top with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and two tablespoonsful of powdered sugar; brown in the oven. If preferred, the whites and yolks may be put in with the coconut and sugar.

CHOW CHOW—Two large cauliflower; two quarts of green peppers; three quarts of green tomatoes; three quarts of green cucumbers; three quarts of small onions; slice about half an inch thick; sprinkle with salt, alternate with layers of onions, tomatoes and cucumbers. Boil the cauliflower about five minutes; set over night; then strain all well and free from water, place in jars and make the seasoning as follows: One pound of mustard, one-half pound of white mustard seed, one-half pound of allspice whole, one-half pound of whole black pepper, one-half of beef tallow, one gallon of vinegar, one-half stick of curry powder. Boil half fifteen minutes, then pour over the vegetables. If too thick, add vinegar. Mix the mustard with vinegar, put the spices in a bag closely tied. Mustard and spices must boil together in the vinegar.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL

An enterprising Vermont man has his house and store connected by telephone. The other day, during a storm, the lightning entered the store by the wire while the proprietor was talking to his wife about when he would be home to dinner. As he recovered his consciousness the first words he spoke were: "All right, Mariah, don't hit me again; I'll do just as you say."

THE MESSENGER.

Rev. P. S. DAVIS, D.D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Rev. D. B. LADY,
Rev. C. S. GERHARD,
Rev. J. S. KIEFFER, D.D.,
SYNDICAL EDITORS.

To CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects, and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the business of the office on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

WEDNESDAY AUGUST 27, 1884.

A STRIKE AT THE FAMILY.

We have not seen recently, a fairer specimen of rank, though latent, infidelity than Elizabeth Cady Stanton's article in the September number of the *North American Review* on "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws." The article is more dangerous than anything Ingersoll ever wrote, because more insidious. There is not a law of God or man bearing upon the constitution and well-being of the human family that it does not seek to reverse and pervert. It is, in fact, a plea for "free love."

In reviewing an article by Judge Noah Davis, in favor of a general law of divorce in the United States, Mrs. Stanton refers to the laws of South Carolina, under which no divorces were granted even for the causes which our Saviour declares sufficient, and tries to make some bad cases prove, that dissolution from matrimony ought to be an easy matter, and for other causes everywhere.

Her idea is that the individual is paramount to the family—that is, that the freedom of the individual must not be subservient to the well-being of society; that marriage is not a divine institution; that polygamy is justified by Christ, and that Christians got their only idea of monogamy from the Greeks and Romans. She avers that the Catholic Church seized the control of marriage as an instrument of tyranny. Woman has found the relation oppressive, because of bad husbands, "and to-day the only hope for the purification of morals and mortals is in free divorce. The theory of the indissoluble marriage never was, and never can be, practicable, except for the best organized men and women in happy relations, and they are a law unto themselves."

Exactly so—"a law unto themselves." According to Mrs. Stanton's logic, to say that to make divorce respectable is to break up family relations is equal to saying that human affections are the result of Church canons and statute laws. She knocks down the man of straw she has set up, and wants, divorce laws that women can hold over their husbands to make them gracious and reasonable. She further says that the argument that easy separations would make people fickle is based upon the idea that woman will always remain the helpless victim of every man she meets. Over against this she declares that the new type of womanhood, with "equal rights" attained, will rise above such dependence. The revolution already commenced will force a new moral and social life. She even claims that the interests of children require divorce laws, because it is better that offspring should see their parents separate than be subject to the demoralizing influences of unhealthy social organizations. There is, of course, to her mind no power in Christianity by which unhappy tempers may be cured.

But perhaps one of the worst expressions of Mrs. Stanton's article is near its close. Speaking of liberal divorce laws, she says that, instead of being barbarous and disgracing, they indicate the growing independence, intelligence and virtue of American womanhood! And then she adds:

"Our decreasing families, so far from being an evidence of the dying-out of maternal love, indicate a higher perception of the dignity and responsibility of motherhood. With woman's keen sense of moral principles, she begins to appreciate the awful waste of human force as she contemplates the panorama of our social life, the unhappy inmates of our jails and prisons, of our asylums for the insane, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the orphan and the pauper, the innumerable standing army of drunkards, the multitudes of children whom nobody owns, and for whom nobody cares—cold, hungry, their feet in slippery places, sleeping at night, in all our cities, like rats, in any hole they can find. In view of these appalling facts, the mothers of this race may well pause and put the question to themselves: 'Is it for such as these we give the heyday of our lives? For such as these we ever and anon go

down to the very gates of death? Is this a life-work worthy of our highest ambition, a religious duty for our best powers?' The answering echo from every mountain-top is 'No!'

It is easy to see the trend of such teachings. They would find a cure-all for the evils of life in the abrogation of marriage and the breaking up of the family. They justify the suppression of human life in its incipency, and encourage crimes that are bringing down the curse of God upon the world. And yet, those who do not follow in the wake of such infidel leaders are, in the opinion of many, not zealous for moral reforms.

A correspondent says: "The inhabitants of Harmony, Butler county, Pa., tell of a sermon preached by Rapp, the founder of the community, in which he took the people to task for neglecting their cattle." He is reported to have said: "Feed your hogs; they walk about here so thin and poor that it is a disgrace. They look like A, B, C books." This may be looked upon as an eccentricity, but the subject is not beyond the range of a preacher who is expected to tell people of their practical duties. There are plenty of texts upon which a discourse on this subject might be based. A merciful man is kind to his beast, and we doubt whether the religion of Christ has had its full effect upon any one who does not consider the comfort of dumb animals. The way in which poor horses are sometimes reined up, and then whipped for not pulling heavy loads over slippery cobble stones in cities is a reflection on the character of drivers. They are set down as coarse in their feelings, and their cruelty always excites indignation in the minds of those who witness it. Public sentiment will not tolerate such outrages, and those who are guilty of them are liable to arrest and punishment. The founder of the Harmony community was right in rebuking the people, if they starved their hogs. By the way, years ago we saw a cartoon representing "Horse-heaven." Some cruel omnibus drivers were admitted to it, but they were made to suffer nightmare. The poor brutes they had driven to death were dancing on their breasts. We think there was a parable in this, telling of future judgments.

An exchange gives this as one Phase of Modern Journalism. "If a barn should blow down, there will be a diagram of the premises; view of the barn before being blown down; view of the barn while being blown down; view of the ruins; interview with the hired man, who said he always knewed it was going to blow down; interview with the owner, with his and other theories on barns blowing down; interview with Professor Mugwump, the distinguished Chicago savant, with his views as to the reason why barns blow down rather than up; comparative table of barn mortality in this and other States for the last forty years, showing percentage of barns blowing down compared with the illiterate vote; history of loss from the earliest times to the present; statement of loss—\$500."

THE SEAMY SIDE.

The seamy side in a garment is the wrong side in distinction from the right side. The right side is worn out. It is the side exposed to the public gaze. The wrong side is the side turned in when the garment is worn. It is the side which shows the edges of the cloth where these are sewed together. Every seam appears there. Hence it is called the seamy side.

There is a seamy side to other things also besides clothing. In the history of a family there is that which is shown to the public and there is that which the outside world rarely looks upon. The little economies of the household, the occasional flashing of interests, the disputes, the failures in the control of temper, the harshness of parental government at times, the rebellious spirit shown by the children once in a while, are all kept out of sight. This seamy side of family life is not paraded before the public. Our finer instincts forbid that it should be seen.

There is a seamy side to the character and history of candidates and to a presidential election. It sometimes looks as though nothing were too secret to escape the prying eyes of the enterprising reporter, or too nasty to be detailed in the columns of the political newspaper. A congressional investigation frequently brings out things never dreamed of before, and we are called upon to look on an ugly seamy side in the life of men whom we were wont to reverence. The conduct of a campaign which we had regarded as full

of hope and enthusiasm and noble, manly striving for the success of a good cause, is found, when turned inside out, to have been made up of despair and desperate remedies and corrupt bargains and all uncleanness.

How important it is to do nothing in secret which we would be ashamed of when exposed to public view. How bitterly many men must regret their past delinquencies, when these come to be openly paraded, as a reason why they should not be elected to office. Whilst there is necessarily a seamy side to our life, it would be well to remember that a time may come when it will be turned out; and it would be the part of wisdom to strive to have it of as respectable a character as possible.

An exchange says:

"The latest freak of General Booth is an order that at half past twelve every day, every 'Salvation soldier' of the Salvation Army is to make the sign of the letter S as evidence that he is saved."

Another says:

"Captain Hyson, of the Salvation Army, was arrested for parading through the streets, at Grand Rapids, Mich., against the orders of Mayor Belknap, and was fined \$1 and \$30 cents, or imprisonment in the County Jail for thirty days. He appealed to the Supreme Court. The other salvationists were fined \$1 each, and went to jail twenty-four hours rather than pay. Six lassies were released on suspended sentence, and the army will parade no more at present."

The Salvation Army is doing many things to keep itself before the public. A ruse that is almost worn out is behaving so outrageously as to disturb the peace of communities into which its members may go. They seem desirous to provoke arrests as advertisements and to enable them to pose as martyrs. But the apparent success of this even for a short time, is due to some undercurrent. It is a sentiment that the masses of the people have not been reached and that their attention must be called to their eternal interests by appeals that are almost frantic. And this method is not confined to Gen. Booth and his followers. According to foreign reports the clergymen of the Established Church in England are using every possible device to attract congregations. Among other things they issue huge posters, which contain the subjects of their sermons, which are usually of a sensational character, "Darkness," etc. The clergyman at Chelsea posted the walls with large bills reading "Hell! Hell! Hell!"

We have yet to be convinced that all this will effect any permanent good. The earnest preaching of the Gospel and the activity of Christians in carrying bread to the poor at doing more than the free use of stencillates.

The late General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church directed that an appeal should be made for \$50,000, to be devoted to Christian education in the South. Drs. Rust and Hartzell, secretaries of the Freedmen's Aid Society, have brought the matter before the Church through the columns of the *Christian Advocate*, and express the hope that the average sum of 33½ cents a member will be raised for that object. They will get the money they want, as they always do.

The valuable library of the late Dr. Krauth is to be unpacked and placed in the Lutheran Seminary building on Franklin street, in this city, until better arrangements, now contemplated, are fully provided.

Mrs. C. H. McCormick, of Chicago, continues the liberality commenced by her late husband. She has added \$20,000 to the endowment of the Chair in Washington and Lee University, which he founded.

No less than twelve out of the twenty-seven translators of the New Version of the Old Testament have died since the work was commenced twelve years ago. The revision is finished and if approved by the Convocation, it will be given to the public next year.

The Rt. Rev. P. J. Ryan, the new Catholic Archbishop of Philadelphia, was received with great demonstrations of joy last week. He was brought to the city from St. Louis on a special train. He arrived on Tuesday evening and was taken to the episcopal residence in a barouche drawn by four horses and accompanied by a long train of carriages bearing the clergy and other eminent men. On Wednesday there was high Pontifical Mass and an address of welcome, to which the new incumbent made reply.

On Wednesday evening there was a torchlight procession, in which the temperance and other societies of the Catholic Church filed past the cathedral and paid their obeisance to their new spiritual chief. Ten thousand persons are said to have been in the ranks. Archbishop Ryan is spoken of as the most eloquent divine of the Catholic Church in this country.

Heidelberg University seems to be decidedly opposed to the co-education of the sexes. It has refused a donation of £5,000 because the condition was attached that women should be admitted to the course.

The Bishop of Manchester is authority for the statement that many eminent non-conformists are desirous of taking Holy Orders through the Church of England.

The push of the Baptists is shown by the fact that they have succeeded in raising \$200,000 to endow their Theological Seminary in Chicago. Rev. A. J. Sage, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., has been chosen Prof. of Homiletics.

The will of the late Bishop Simpson directs that after the death of his widow, one seventh of his estate, valued at \$100,000, shall go towards the endowment of an Episcopal chair for the Methodist Bishop who shall reside in Philadelphia. The condition is that including this bequest the sum of \$50,000 shall be raised to complete the endowment before the meeting of the next General Conference.

THE MONEY FOR THE CHAPEL IN JAPAN.

In answer to inquiries we repeat that money intended for the Chapel in Japan is to be sent to Mr. RUDOLPH KELKER, HARRISBURG, PA. He is Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, and will be glad to receive the contributions of those who had made pledges and of others. No time has been stipulated for the payment of the money, but it would be well if the brethren would remit at their earliest convenience.

Since our report of last week we have received the following additional pledges of \$10 each for Chapel in Japan: S. S. New Berlin, Somerset Pa., T. R. Deitz, pastor; S. School, First Reformed Church, Soc. 3rd Reformed School, Baltimore, Rev. C. Clever, pastor; Capt. C. A. H. McCauley, Omaha, Nebraska, (for Hattie O. McCauley, Katie L. McCauley, Mrs. William Fox, and Mrs. Luther Yarrington, Reading, Pa.); St. Paul's S. S. Rockingham Charge, Va., B. R. Carnahan, pastor; Stoyestown S. S., Rev. W. D. Lefevere, pastor; Ref. S. S., Shrewsbury, Pa., Rev. A. F. Dreisbach, pastor; Salem S. School, Heller's Church in New Holland charge, Rev. D. W. Gerhard, pastor; N. Holland S. S., same charge; Miss. Soc., Ref. Ch., Martinsburg, Va., Rev. J. A. Hoffheins (check); Mrs. Whitmore, widow of Rev. D. M. Whitmore, in memory of her sainted husband, \$5 (check).

It may be just to remark here that some of the congregations and schools had given to this object before these pledges were started. Bro. Hoffheins' congregation was among these, and so was the Mission Church at Johnstown. Rev. W. H. Bates, pastor. Their former gifts are acknowledged in the Reports of the Foreign Mission Board.

Communications.

ON OLD VIRGINIA'S SHORE.

One hardly knows the full extent of his weariness until he undertakes to rest. It is slowly and with difficulty that strength and spirits are recovered. It is not strange that eighteen years of service in the ministry should leave one somewhat fatigued. That period seems to us now, as we look back upon it, like one long continued gallop, with but little slackening of the reins. Having dismounted now, to walk about and rest awhile, we find out for the first time how tired we actually were. The accumulated weariness of years comes out and makes itself felt; it is only slowly that it departs from us. We are now on the "home stretch" of our vacation; let us make the most of it. We have come up to spend the last week of our time face to face with the sea.

Our last letter was from Hampton Roads, where we spent two delightful weeks. We owe much to the kind friends whom we met there. We are under special obligations, for courtesies received, to Messrs. Gilman and Talbot, of the Hampton Institute, and to the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church of Hampton. This church is interesting, as being the next to the oldest church in America, in actual use. It was erected in the year 1855. The Rev. Mr. Gravatt serves as chaplain to the Hampton Institute, during vacation, in the absence of the regular chaplain, Rev. Mr. Frisell; and at his suggestion and request, it was agreed that one of our number should preach before the school on the last Sunday afternoon of our stay. It fell to the lot of the writer to do so; and he preached, accordingly, for the first time in his life, to a congregation composed of Anglo-Saxons, Negroes

and Indians. The Negroes were in the majority, the Indians came next, the Anglo Saxons were the fewest in number. The congregation was very respectable in size; for, notwithstanding it is vacation time, between three and four hundred pupils remain in the institution. The services, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Gravatt, and heartily joined in by all the pupils, were very impressive; the singing was excellent; and nothing could exceed the attentive and reverent behavior of the colored people and the Indians. This service was held in the chapel of the Institute, which is situated in the beautiful grounds of the National Cemetery. That same evening, we rowed over to the school again, and, in the beautiful chapel of Virginia Hall, in which the daily services of the school are held, three of our number conducted an interesting devotional service, and made addresses to the assembled pupils. On another occasion, when the writer was not present, a service was held exclusively for the Indians, and two of our company made addresses, which were interpreted, by an intelligent young Indian, for the benefit of those of the hearers who did not as yet sufficiently understand the English language.

We bade adieu to Hampton and to "Ivy Home," on Wednesday, August 19th. At Norfolk, we found ourselves just too late to catch the 10 o'clock train by which we were to reach our destination, Virginia Beach. We were consequently obliged to wait there for six hours, enduring the heat of a day that was perhaps the hottest of all the season. The weariness and discomfort of these dull hours of waiting were relieved by some genuine plantation singing which we there heard. A large number of colored stevedores were awaiting the arrival of some belated steamer, which they had been engaged to unload. Some of them were sleeping, lying at full length, under the broiling sun, on the broad platform of the wharf. The others sat in a long row, a picturesque sight; some clad in red shirts, some in blue, some in white. Then, while they waited, and while we listened, they sang. And such singing! I felt that it was worth while to have waited those long hours at Norfolk, on that hot day, just to have heard it. There is something in the Negro voice, I know not what, put into it, perhaps, by the long and weary night of slavery, which gives to negro singing a peculiar pathos and power. There is a strange tone in this old-time plantation singing; plaintive and weird: far coming and far-going; striking, at times, some of the deepest chords that can be struck within one's soul. One piece after another were sung, "Better times a comin' by and by," "Cheer up! Cheer up!" "Look away in de heaven, O Lord!"; and several others; while we listened entranced, and at times with swelling hearts, and, as we went away, thanked them silently for the good they had unconsciously done.

We are now on a part of that "Old Virginia Shore," of which, as I remember, a certain song used to sing, and to which the supposed singer of the song made a pitiful request to be "carried back." Virginia Beach, where we now are, is situated on the Atlantic Coast, seven miles south of Cape Henry. As a place of resort, it is quite new. The large hotel was opened to visitors for the first time this season. The beach is said, by some who know the entire Atlantic coast, to be the finest that can anywhere be found. Of this we are not prepared to judge; we came here, not because it was the finest, but because it was the most accessible from the point where we happened to be. Certainly, however, it would be difficult to find better surf bathing than that along here. The surf is much wilder than that along the New Jersey coast.

It is the intention, we are told, to make this place a sort of Long Branch for the South. Evidently, the place possesses fine capabilities; but almost everything remains to be done. The aim is to make the place very grand and very "high." No other places of entertainment are allowed besides the hotel; and at the hotel such enormous prices are demanded, as it is thought, will serve to secure the presence of a "good class" of guests, and the absence of ordinary people. Thus far, this exclusive policy does not appear to have been eminently successful; or, rather, it has been over-successful. The splendid hotel has not been at all overcrowded with guests; and its managers have consequently been somewhat disappointed. The majority of the visitors, we are told, have been the families of the stockholders themselves; a result which had been neither desired nor anticipated. It will not do to be too exclusive; one may easily be more exclusive than he wants to be. When a man, or a hotel (or a church, for that matter), wishes to be exclusive, it is well to determine beforehand just how much exclusiveness is desired.

By a sort of contradiction, this same place is a great resort for excursionists, for whom ample and excellent accommodations are afforded in a noble pavilion adjoining the hotel. These excursion trains run to this point daily, on the narrow gauge railroad recently built from Norfolk, carrying passengers to and fro, a distance of nineteen miles, at the rate of fifty cents for the round trip. These trains bring large numbers of families from Norfolk, who bring their dinners with them, and enjoy a day of sea-air and sea-bathing. It is interesting to look over this vast pavilion, to think how many homes are represented here, to watch the effect of the sea upon the tired mothers and children, and to reflect how many homes in their sweltering city of Norfolk are being blest by this merciful arrangement. It does not agree well with the principles of the hotel; but the railroad company is an interested party and cannot resist the temptation of the considerable amount of money to be gathered from the large number of excursionists. There is one thing greatly to the advantage of the despised "excursionist"; that is, that there are, so to speak, so many of him. Individually, he is beneath the notice of any railroad corporation; but, collectively, he is so significant and important that the money-loving railroad company obsequiously hastens to take him to places where he needs to go, and where otherwise he could not find his way. One of the hotel guests was this morning cursing to me this "wretched picnic business," as he called it. I laughed to myself, and, as I thought of the thousands of tired men and women whom these excursions were the means of bringing to the seashore, I inwardly blessed that which he cursed.

As for the writer and his companions, the high prices at the hotel excluded them from it as effectually as if there had been a law against their going there. Fortunately, there is a large house here which was erected originally for the entertainment of the mechanics engaged in erecting the hotel. The house being now only partly occupied, the highly respectable people by whom it is kept were recently given permission to receive a few extra boarders; and, when here, one week ago, on an excursion, we engaged rooms and boarding for one week, at a very moderate price, at this house. Here, accordingly, we have our quarters. Kinder people, wholesomer fare, cleaner beds, we could not desire. The house is new, and fragrant with the smell of pine boards. No carpet is on the floor; no plastering on the walls or ceiling. Four great, honest, comical knot-holes in a pine board overhead permit me to gaze through into the garret. But what signifies all this plainness of outward circumstance. O reader, considering the fact that the one window of my room looks out directly on the sea, that the sound of its waves lulls me to sleep at night, and that I have but to raise my

head from the pillow, in the morning, in order to see the sun rise over the waters of the Atlantic Ocean!

Here, then, we propose to finish our vacation and our rest; watching the breakers as they dash on this glorious beach; bathing in them every day; gazing at the ships as they pass in the distance, for none come very near this point; watching the porpoises as they go by, leaping up and baring their backs; listening to the ocean's roar; and having our own thoughts. It is a good time to think of those whom one holds dear; of one's family, and of one's congregation, and of all who have loved us and been kind to us. It is a good time to think of one's own past life, and to gird oneself up for the remainder of the battle. Not alone for the sake of sea-air and sea-bathing do we feel that it is good to be here. To go to the sea, in a certain sense, to draw near to God; the voice of the sea is to us, as it were, the voice of God. We sit here and say, Speak; and we will be silent and listen. The largeness and the freedom of the sea—what a refuge one finds in it from the littleness and the narrowness which one everywhere meets with, especially the littleness and narrowness of men's conceptions of God. How much men have suffered, and made others suffer, from belittling God. They know all about Him; they undertake to "explain" Him, and to give an account of all that He has done and of what He means to do. They talk of Him, as some one has said, "as if He lived just round the corner, and they knew all about His affairs." O, let us get away from it all, from the wretched littleness of much that passes for religion and theology; and let us go up to the ever-rolling and unfathomable sea, that there, peradventure, we may hear something of God's own voice, and learn something of the largeness of His nature. There is a hymn which we very much like, the beginning of which is,

"There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea,"

Nor can we think of God, without thinking of the great ocean, encircling the earth and washing the remotest shores. O may we learn, from the sea on whose blue and boundless waters our eyes are now resting, and from the wider and deeper sea of God's own Word, something of the largeness and the wideness of the God whom we adore.

Here we sit upon the beach. We are three tired ministers. Breathe upon us, O sea, and give us thy pacifying and strengthening benediction, that we may go away in calmness and in strength. J. S. K.

THE GERMANS IN THE WEST.

Now and then the editors of our Church papers admit articles of contributors which, on their face, look honest and truthful, while the writer permits himself by enthusiasm or prejudice to go beyond the bounds of veracity. Such articles have done much harm in the history of the past of our Church. There are always those who can find the "bone of contention." Guy A. Stave, in an article found on the first page of the MESSENGER of August 6th, on the subject of "The Supply of Missions and Missionaries, A Complimentary Hint," represents the Germans in the West, and their Orphans' Home, in a most unjust and false position, which we cannot possibly pass by with silent contempt on account of the evil influence engendered upon a charitable institution. He says, "I need not hesitate to express the stern truth which stares experience in the face—that the prejudice of the Germans in the West denies the whole Church its own good." This is not a serious charge, which, if sustained, is deserving of the above assertion, he continues: "This is an instance supported by sad reality: When an orphan child is to be received into their Home, they ask, What language do you speak? If German, you may come; but, if English, you may go elsewhere to find shelter. This is the spirit of a benevolent institution that practises not what it preaches. . . . How narrow are the towering walls of that institution, lately established!" How positive is his language and how knowing in every particular. No wonder the editor believes him and gives him space. He demands unfeigned faith! He can offer no charity of some redeeming feature in the establishing of a benevolent institution by the Germans in the West. He presents it before the readers as a disgusting thing, undeserving of toleration on account of its narrowness.

To correct the false statements I will give my experience. I have been a member of the Board of Managers from the beginning of the movement to establish an Orphans' Home in the West. I have attended all the meetings of the Board, assisted in framing the constitution and by-laws and rules of regulation. In all transactions there has not been an expression of narrowness or exclusiveness on the ground of language. Any child of sound mind and a healthy body is admissible. Only a child of Reformed parentage has the precedent, while, at the same time, provision is made for all others. True, this is a home of the two German Synods in the West. These Synods conduct their business in German and have a natural preference for that language, and their Home partakes of this preference. Can any one demand that this institution be exclusively English?

We have endeavored to solve the design of Guy A. Stave in misrepresenting the Germans in the West and their Orphans' Home. We endeavored to be charitable, but cannot find a reason other than the withholding of charity. The Treasurer can assure him that precious little has come from those who call themselves English. There is no reason to misrepresent the institution on this account. The Germans in the West have a far better show both at Womelsdorf and Butler. The superintendent of the latter appreciated, and, on several occasions, spoke to me about the liberal Germans in the West for the orphans' cause. Of course when lines are drawn in the spirit of Guy A. Stave and others there will be separation and one-sidedness. We have fanatics on the subject of language in our Church; it is difficult to keep them within bounds. However, they are exceptions, while there is sound sense enough not to accept the one-sided conclusions of the cranky.

The Germans in the West are no disgrace to the Church. They are the pioneers who have accomplished glorious results in the West. With their limited means they have built institutions. They are nearly all missionaries, and yet do more for the cause of missions than most of the old established churches. They even stretch their hand to the far Western reservation to turn the wilderness into a garden. They have accomplished herculean tasks. Indeed, those who have knowledge of them appreciate their zeal and self-denying perseverance. They have the sympathy of the East generally, and they are deserving of assistance, too. "Let us keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and not a war of language. No more unwarranted imputations which embitter and alienate, but let us have peace, and love one another in the Lord.

F. STRASSNER.

P. S. Since writing the above, I attended the meeting of the Board at the Home. We found one child in the Home who cannot speak German. It belonged to Rev. T. J. Bacher's Sunday-school. Another child, who cannot speak German, was

received at the meeting. The school in the Home is German and English. The Home will be dedicated on the 7th day of October; two addresses in the German and two in the English language will be delivered. All are invited to be present, if not in person, at least in spirit. F. S.

VACATION RAMBLES.

Chautauqua.

Having now been in this beautifully cool and shady retreat for five weeks, I desire to give the readers of the MESSENGER a brief account of what I have seen and heard, and otherwise learned of Chautauqua and the so-called Chautauqua idea. Our object in coming here was first to give some assistance in the instruction in the department of Latin in the Chautauqua School of Languages, and secondly, to obtain that rest and refreshment and "inspiration," which this place promises to all who come.

Chautauqua is situated on Lake Chautauqua, in the extreme south-western part of the State of New York. The lake, from Mayville at its north-western extremity to Jamestown at the south-eastern, is 22 miles long, and has an average width of about two miles. Right here, at the Assembly grounds, it is more than three miles wide. The water is clear and quite cool, too cool for bathing comfortably and safely, but could not be better for fishing and rowing. As many as ten fine steamers, from the big three-story affairs, so to speak, that will easily accommodate hundreds, to the little impulsive yacht that will carry a pleasure party of a dozen or so, ply on the lake in all directions.

The Assembly grounds, situated near the south-western end of the lake, consist of about 200 acres, on which there are about 500 cottages, to which others are continually added from year to year. Many of these cottages are quite large and accommodate 50 and more lodgers and boarders. Good rooms can be had in nearly all of them, either with or without board, at very reasonable rates. People who desire to live still more economically, come here with their tents and board themselves. There is also a large hotel, first class in all respects, that will accommodate 2000, and yet, since the first of this month it has been quite full, and no wonder, when we consider that the average attendance during the whole month has been about ten thousand. On certain days when there were special attractions in the way of lectures or concerts the attendance has been much larger, but the people soon scatter to the various places of instruction or entertainment, and there is not much crowding. The grounds are covered with the "primeval forest" of large and beautiful shade trees of maple, oak, birch, beech, etc., among which the drives and walks wind in all directions. There is shade almost everywhere, in fact, it is almost impossible to walk in the sun more than a few moments at a time. Except on the lake side the place is surrounded by a high fence which is strictly guarded, and no person is allowed to enter the grounds except at proper places of entrance where an admission fee of 25 cents is charged till the 1st of August, and 20 cents after that date. This entitles you to the use of the grounds, and admits you to all the lectures for that day. You are charged the same amount every day you remain on the grounds, unless you buy a season ticket, in which case the cost will be somewhat less. On Sundays the gates are closed, and no one, except in case of sickness or some like urgent reason is allowed to go out or come in. This arrangement keeps away all objectionable characters, and insures a quiet Sunday to those who are on the grounds. During the day the reasonable liberty is allowed, but after the ten o'clock bell in the evening no loud talk, the cottages. The reason is obvious. People come for rest, as well as for instruction and inspiration.

The Chautauqua season lasts six weeks. The first three weeks are devoted to the interests of teachers. This is the "Chautauqua Teachers' Retreat," when teachers of public schools and academies gather here in large numbers from all parts of the country to listen to lectures and receive instruction in one or more of the various schools established for that purpose. There are schools of German, schools of French, of Anglo-Saxon, of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Elocution, Spanish; and, besides these, instruction is given to such as may desire it, in drawing, painting, embroidery, modelling in clay, and cookery.

All these departments are in charge of gentlemen and ladies of large experience and assured success in their respective departments, and the work thus carried on during the six weeks of the session is continued, to such as desire it, during the year by correspondence. The terms for tuition are very modest. A fee of \$12 admits a student to as many classes as he can attend; usually they select only one language, and attend several classes in succession. An additional fee of \$10 will secure for him instruction from the teacher during the year by correspondence. For the benefit of teachers there was a course of lectures on Pedagogy by Dr. Dickinson of Boston, and another on Practice and Experience, by Dr. Edwards, as well as separate lectures of all sorts on subjects pertaining to the teacher and his work.

The last three weeks of the session are devoted chiefly to Church and Sunday-school work. This is the time when people come here by thousands, representing almost every Protestant denomination. Although under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church, there is nothing sectarian in the character of the Chautauqua Assembly; it is liberal, and "broadly Catholic." A cordial welcome is extended to all Christian denominations, and ample provision is made for their wants and conveniences. Every Wednesday evening denominational prayer-meetings are held, when a separate hall or chapel is set apart for the use of each denomination.

The most important lectures and the Sunday-morning services are held in the Amphitheatre, which has a capacity of 6000, and yet I have often seen hundreds of people go away for want of room. It is built in the form of a semi circle, scooped partly out of the hill side, after the fashion of the Greek theatre, let us say, with the seats rising tier above tier, the whole under roof, open at the sides, and lighted by electricity. It contains a fine, large pipe-organ, and just beneath and in front of it is a platform large enough to accommodate a choir of 500 voices. Probably some of the readers of the MESSENGER, like myself, will be surprised to hear that the Sunday morning exercises begin with a uniform liturgical service—organ voluntary, invocation, responsive reading of Psalm viii, anthem, general confession, the Lord's Prayer, Apostles' Creed, etc.

Here we have heard such eminent preachers as Drs. Talmage, Herrick Johnson, Hatfield and Bishop Bowman; and lectures from Bishop Fallows, from missionaries in Mexico and India, even from a native Hindoo himself. But by far the most important was a series of six lectures by Principal Fairbairn of England, on the History of English Philosophy, from Locke to Spencer. Other speakers are still to follow. Pres. Seelye and E. E. Hale in a few days. Gen. John A. Logan was here over Sunday, but his presence had no political significance; it was strictly social and religious. S. M. O.

Chautauqua, N. Y., Aug. 18, 1884.

THE REFORMED CONFERENCE AT MARBURG.

We are indebted to a friend for the following programme of the Reformed Conference at Marburg. It comes in a letter dated Zurich, August 10th.

TUESDAY, August 19, 6:30 P. M. Reception in the Salon of the University's Library.

WEDNESDAY, August 20, 9 A. M. Sermon by Rev. Dr. Ebrard; 10:30 A. M. Business Session, consisting of Enrollment of Names, Report of Pastor Calaminius, of Eberfeld, on the State of the Reformed Church in Germany, and its Future, and Consultation in regard to repeated Conferences at stated periods. 6 P. M. (a), Report of Pastor Brander, of Göttingen, on the Reformed Alliance at Belfast; (b) Addresses by Reformed Brethren of different parts of Germany.

THURSDAY, 9 A. M. Addresses and Consultation together of the members. 10 A. M. Visit to Marburg Castle, the scene of the Marburg Conference between Zwingli and Luther. 2 P. M. Excursion of Conference to Spangenberg.

Our correspondent says: "I also received the proposed programme of the Evangelical Alliance from Dr. Schaff, with whom I traveled through Russia. It is as follows:

SATURDAY Evening, August 30. Introductory Meeting with Addresses of Welcome.

SUNDAY, August 31. Sermons in the various Churches.

MONDAY, September 1, Morning. Organization and Reports of the State of Religion: 1, Denmark, Rev. Dean Vahl; 2, Sweden, Pastor Oberg; 3, Finland, Professor Robergh. Afternoon Sectional Meetings in English, French and German; Resume of Morning Addresses by Interpretation. Evening, Public Meeting; Popular Addresses on Christian Life, by Rev. T. McCullagh, ex-President of Wesleyan Conference, and others.

TUESDAY, September 2, Morning. Reports on State of Religion: 1, Germany, Pastor Bauman, of Berlin; 2, Switzerland, Prof. Oetli, of Berne. Afternoon, Sectional Meetings; Reports on State of Religion: 1, Italy, Prof. Geymonat, Florence; 2, Belgium, Pastor Ans, Brussels; 3, Spain, Rev. Senor Empaytor, Barcelona; 4, Greece, Dr. Kalopothakes, Athens. Evening, Public Meeting; 1, Missions of Evangelical Alliances, by Dr. Schaff; 2, Our Dangers, Our Duties, Our Hopes, by Pastor Th. Monod, of Paris.

WEDNESDAY, September 3, Morning. 1, Religious Indifference among the Masses, by Prof. Christlieb, of Bonn, and Rev. Dr. Marshall Lange, of Glasgow. Afternoon, An Outdoor Meeting near Copenhagen.

THURSDAY, September 4, Morning. 1, Divinity and Atonement of Christ, by Rev. Dr. Arthur, London; 2, Authority of the Scriptures, by Prof. Godet, Nonchali; 3, Modern Unbelief, by Rev. Dr. Sinclair Patterson, London. Afternoon, Sectional Meetings; Harmony of Science and Revelation, by Prebendary Anderson, of Bath, and Rev. Dr. Conder, of Leeds. Evening, Public Meeting; Christian Courage and Consistency, by Pastor Munch, of Christiana; Sabbath-School Work, by Mr. F. J. Hawley, Secretary of Sunday-school Union, London.

FRIDAY, September 5, Morning. Christianity and Philanthropy, Duty of Liberal Giving, by Rev. Dr. Ashton, London. Christian Responsibility in regard to preventing Immorality, Charitable Work in London, by Rev. Dr. Van Wyk, Evening, Public Meeting; Intemperance, Pastor Rindeleisch, Dantzic; In Lord's Day, by Rev. Dr. Gritton, London.

SATURDAY, September 6, Morning. General Meeting; 1, Duty of Church to Missions, Rev. Dr. Murray Mitchell, Missions to the Jews; 3, Missions to Dutch-Germans, Rev. Dr. Van Ryn; 4, Returning to the Christian Simplicity a condition necessary of Revival of True Christianity, Final Popular Session, 1, Baptism of the Holy Ghost, Rev. Dr. R. R. France, London; 2, The Evangelical Alliance, its Influence in Promoting Christian Union and Religious Liberty, Rev. Dr. Kalker, Copenhagen.

SUNDAY, September 7, Sermons in various Churches in several languages.

Each morning a prayer-meeting from 7:30 to 8:30; morning meetings from 10 to 11; afternoon from 3 to 4:30; evening from 7 to 9.

Other prominent persons will be present and take part as the Dean of Canterbury, the Lord Mayor of London, Rev. Dr. Hugs, Rev. Dr. Cairns, Rev. Dr. John Hall, Rev. Dr. William Taylor, Rev. Dr. McArthur, Bishop Hurst, Count Bernstoff, of Germany, and others.

Church News.

Stated Clerks of Classes and Pastors will oblige us by sending such items of News as will be of interest to the Church.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Pennsylvania.

Reigelsville.—Rev. B. B. Ferer, of Pleasant Unity church, has accepted a call to become pastor of Reigelsville charge, lately served by Rev. J. C. Leinbach.

Pleasant Unity.—At a meeting of the Joint Consistory of Pleasant Unity charge held Aug. 13th, to act upon the reception of resignation of Rev. B. B. Ferer, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That in accepting the resignation of our pastor, Rev. B. B. Ferer, it is with grateful acknowledgment of faithful service. That in him we have had an active and efficient worker in the cause. That we regret his determination to transfer his labor to another field, and we congratulate the Reformed congregation of Reigelsville, Pa., in having secured him as their pastor. D. E. ALBERT, Sec.

Virginia.

Mt. Crawford Charge.—The Mt. Crawford congregation has put a new tin roof on their church. Dr. Callender is taking it as cool as possible at Union Springs, this hot weather; but always consults the calendar so as to fill his appointments on Sunday.

Kansas.

Hiawatha.—Bethany Reformed Church of Hiawatha, Kansas, wishes gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of a very beautiful chandelier for their new church, from the Reformed church at Lebanon, Pa., of which Dr. F. W. Kremer is pastor. May God's rich blessing rest upon that people, who have in the past been so actively interested in the work of the church in the West.

G. W. REMAGEN,

Pastor Bethany Reformed Church.

Personal.

Rev. F. J. Sauerber, York, Pa., is off on his vacation, visiting in Central Ohio.

Rev. C. Clever, of Third Church, Baltimore, Md., is summing at his father's house, Clevensburg, Cumberland county, Pa.

Rev. H. M. Kieffer, of Norristown, Pa., has received a call to the pastorate of Third street church, Easton, Pa., recently vacated by Rev. Dr. Porter.

Rev. S. M. Roeder, of Centre Hall, Pa., has accepted a call to the pastorate of Elizabethtown charge, Pa. He expects to enter upon his duties there in the near future.

Rev. I. M. Motter, of Waynesboro, Pa., has been granted by his consistory a vacation, and has been spending it partly at the seashore and visiting friends in Pennsylvania and Maryland. We enjoyed a pleasant visit from him last week.

Rev. A. S. Weber, of Westminster, Md., is enjoying his vacation in visiting his old home, Berks county, Pa., and friends in other parts of the State. He favored us with a call one day last week.

Rev. L. M. Kerschner, of Apple Creek, O., who has been in ill health for some time, is so far restored as to be able to take charge of a field and is anxious to secure one. He can preach in both languages.

Rev. Dr. McCauley, of Reading, Pa., after a visit to his son, Captain McCauley, U. S. Army, in charge of the Quartermaster's Depot at Omaha, Neb., has gone to Western Nebraska, accompanied by his son Harry, where they are camping out near the North Platte River, some 40 miles from Sidney, Neb.

A camping out expedition has been undertaken in order to recuperate his health, there being no healthier trip anywhere than tent life in the Rocky Mountain region.

Before his return East he will probably visit Denver, Colorado Springs, and Georgetown, lying within the mountain range.

Rev. Dr. J. H. A. Bomberger, who has been on a brief tour through parts of Europe, has returned home, and had a reception by his friends at his house on Wednesday, the 20th inst.

Miscellaneous.

We learn in an indirect way that the "Reformed Assembly" will convene at Conneaut Lake Park, Pa., on Thursday, August 28th.

ST. PAUL'S ORPHAN HOME, BUTLER, PA.

The work of repairing our house is progressing finely. In a few weeks the new third story, on the main building, will be complete, thus giving us six large well-aired sleeping rooms for the boys, a wide hall, and an excellent store-room. Our house will then contain twenty-five rooms—most of them large—a school-house and several other rooms attached. The main building has also wide porches on three sides, running out and joining at the corners. By the beginning of the new school year all our repairs will be complete, and the Home, for its beautiful situation and surroundings, its internal arrangement and general appearance, will command the respect and admiration of, not only the church at large, but also of the good people of Butler and of Butler county as well. What we most need, indeed, is a few thousand dollars to pay for the improvements which the Board found it absolutely necessary to make during the past two years.

Last year we had thirty-six children in the Home. This year we will have more. Applications for poor little helpless ones are coming in weekly, and we will have ample room for them all. But the Board of Managers at its late annual meeting decided that they had already taken in as many as the limited means they were receiving would warrant. Will the church, however, allow its own little dependent orphans suffer want, and that too for the small amount it would take to feed, clothe, educate and rear them for humanity and for heaven, in our beautiful Home? This must not be. Faith in the Church and in the Father of the fatherless forbids it. Several late applications have been made which must not be rejected, among which is one for a little boy, born in our Home of parents who served the church as superintendent and matron, in this same Home, but who are now rejoicing in the better home of heaven. We have written these lines in the hope that they would fall more of the Lord's good stewards, and thus lead them to give largely for the support of these helpless little ones for which their heavenly Father has always so affectionately cared. "A Father of the fatherless, and an advocate of the widow, is God in His holy habitation."

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We respectfully solicit the patronage of the Church. Address

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907 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

OUR WEST.

By Sylvia Brown.

Sing, O poet, of the visions
Opening on our boundless West,
Resting on her spreading prairies,
Gleaming on each mountain's crest.
Saga sits beside the rivers,
Musing over glorious drama,
Building many a future palace
By the gold-waved prairie streams.

Over miles of sage and brushwood,
Strewed by Flora's lavish hand,
Over plains of thorny cactus
Over plains of desert sand,
By the mountain's deep, wild gorges,
In the blue vales stretching round,
Soon shall rise the gods of labor
Shouting Art's triumphant sound.

God hath cleft the hearts of mountains
From their tops to valley line,
Opening stores of golden treasure
In their secret depths to shine.
So the work of man in carving
On the rocky peaks of Time,
Bares the soul of his companions,
Showing wealth of thought sublime.

While the mellow years are changing
Patterns in tradition's loom,
Some are laid away by Saga
In her chest of sweet perfume;
On the canvass of the future,
Drawn in blood, and sweat, and tears,
Saga paints the panorama
Of a thousand circling years.

Through these years of large endeavor
How the voice of courage rings,
Thrilling to a nobler manhood
Till we wear a race of kings!
Poets of the distant ages
Shall entrance the hearts of men
With such words of inspiration
As transcend our narrow ken.

Art and song shall dwell together
Where the snow-girt summits rise,
Peace and freedom chant their anthems
Through the purpling Western skies.
Sing, O poet, of the visions
Of the struggling earth's unrest,
Till the splendor of far ages
Shine upon our broadening West.

La Plata, Mo. —Advance.

Selections.

No one loves to tell a tale of scandal but to him that loves to hear it. Learn, then, to rebuke and silence the detracting tongue by refusing to hear. Never make your ear the grave of another's good name.

How often in our childish ignorance we are at the very crisis of our grief, when, if our spiritual sense were not so dull, we should see the heavens themselves all luminous over us, and hear the songs of the angels! How often would the very facts which cause us to despair, if we could only read aright, inspire us with courage and hope.—*Dr. S. E. Herrick.*

A good wife is heaven's last, best gift to man—an angel of mercy—minister of graces innumerable—his gem of many virtues—his casket of jewels—her voice his sweetest music—her smiles his brightest day—her kiss the guardian of innocence—her arms the place of his safety, the balm of his health, the balsam of his life—her industry his surest wealth—her economy his safest steward—her lips his faithful counselor—her bosom the softest pillow of his cares—and her prayers the ablest advocates of heaven's blessings on his head.

Personal.

The Bishop of Gloucester, England, has given great scandal to many good churchmen, by appearing at a recent cricket match at Lord's with a cigar in his mouth.

America is revenged upon Sir Lepel Griffin for his abusive book, for his New England indulgences in Boston baked beans and mince pie for breakfast have made him a confirmed victim of dyspepsia.

General Butler's return to the assessors of Lowell shows that his income from his profession is \$100,000. His horses and yacht America are valued at \$30,000, and his real estate in Lowell at \$60,500.

The late Professor A. Packard, of Bowdoin College, was the father of Professor Packard, of Princeton; Professor Packard, of Yale; Professor Packard, of Brown; and ex-Professor Packard, of Bowdoin.

Professor Dana, of New Haven, does not trouble himself about the scientific causes of the recent earthquake. As it severely shook up old Yale College he pronounces it simply "an unaccountable impertinence."

Bret Harte is rebuked by the Academy for "a real genius who wastes himself upon 'potboilers,' like his latest collection of stories, instead of closing his ears to the siren songs of publishers and attempting great work."

W. W. Corcoran, the Washington banker and benefactor, has added to his good works by founding the School of Science and Arts in connection with Columbia University, and among the professors will be Newcomb in astronomy, Abbe in meteorology, Gill in zoology, Ward in Botany, and Fristoe in chemistry.

Science and Art.

Solution of chloral should be kept in dark glass bottles. Sunlight decomposes it into chloroform. The change is not easily perceived, and has caused a number of accidents in the past five years.

An electric horse chronometer has been invented. The movement is controlled by a current opened and closed by the breaking of an almost microscopic copper wire stretched across the track. It is said to record to the 1-500 of a second.

ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION.—The great International Electrical Exhibition, which will be held in this city under the auspices of the Franklin Institute, commencing on the 2d of next month, will in many respects be the most notable affair of the kind ever held. It will far surpass all other previous electrical exhibitions, and will bring together, with a few slight exceptions, all known electrical devices and show in a wonderfully complete manner the marvelous rapidity with which this subtle force has entered into use.

A power equal to that of 1800 horses will be converted constantly into electrical force during the continuation of the exhibition, and at night an illuminating power greater than that of 1,000,000 candles will shed a radiance through the large exhibition building almost as bright as that of the sun.

A thousand and one wonderful and curious instruments will be on exhibition, scarcely known to the general public at all, but of incalculable benefit to trade, science and government. The visitor who is not satisfied with the wonders of the telephone will be able to find a still more singular instrument in the microphone, through which he may hear a fly walking at a long distance, sounding as distinctly as a man's heavy tramp; or he may witness the still more curious workings of the phonograph.

The exhibits in their order and arrangements will mark the progress of electrical development since the time of Galvani. Seven large steam engines will be required to keep the vast machinery throughout the buildings in motion, and a small army of guards, superintendents and watchmen will be constantly at work during the continuation of the exhibition, which will close on Saturday, October 11.

The exhibition building in which the great display will be held has just been completed at Lancaster avenue and Thirty-second street, on the west side of the avenue, opposite the old Pennsylvania passenger railroad depot, which will itself be converted into an annex building for exhibition purposes, and will be connected with the exhibition building proper by an ornamental bridge, which will be thrown across Thirty-second street. The exhibition building itself is imposing and picturesque, offering from every point of view a striking aspect. At night especially, when streaming through its long lines of windows and flashing from cordons upon cordons of the most brilliant electric lamps there will blaze a great flood of light, the building will present a most striking appearance.—*Phila. Record.*

Items of Interest.

There are 6,000,000 Mexicans who can neither read nor write, never sleep in a bed, nor wore a stocking, and live in a mud hut furnished with a three-legged stool and a water jug.

It is claimed that Goldsmith's "lost novel" has been found in the shape of a novel entitled "Triumph of Benevolence; or, the History of Francis Wills." By the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield." Berlin. Sold by August Mylius, 1786.

The gratuitous food kitchens at Marseilles are described as being decidedly unsuccessful institutions. Food is given without supervision to all who apply for it, and the applicants, feeling sure of obtaining abundant nourishment, give up work and contract idle habits.

At the Louvre, in Paris, is once more to be seen in its former place the Venus de Milo. The statue stands on a new plinth, and the plaster which hid many of the details of the figure has been carefully removed, while the fragments of two arms, and the small Hermes discovered in the same place, are now placed at its side.

The development of the lumber manufacturing business in many parts of the South is remarkable. From southern Kentucky to Chattanooga, Tenn., is an extended and vast line of sawmills, and stave, spoke, and handle factories. Large numbers of people are crowding into this region, of which the town of Dayton, Tenn., is the active business center.

Efforts are on foot in France for the amalgamation of the towns of Calais and St. Pierre-Calais, between which for twenty years actual rivalry has existed. Formerly Calais, when it contained a population of 14,000, desired to annex its neighbor, then a much smaller town, but St. Pierre, having now a population of 25,000, thinks it has a right to swallow up its smaller rival.

Blenheim Palace, in England, is one of the most famous works of masonry in that country, and is the *chef d'oeuvre* of Vanbrugh. There is a lake of some two hundred and sixty acres, and two hundred acres of flower garden among its grounds. In its collections is a service of gold plate. The queen has one, and the Dukes of Buccleuch and Wellington, and if there are any others, we do not recall them.

As a preventive of Asiatic cholera, Dr. Constantine Hering, in his "Homoeopathic Domestic Physician," says: "The surest preventive is sulphur; put half a teaspoonful of flowers of sulphur into each of your stockings and go about your business; never go out with an empty stomach, eat no fresh bread or sour food. Not one of the many thousands who have followed this my advice have been attacked by cholera."

Care should be taken with the trick toys known as magical spoons. They are made of a very fusible alloy, and when put in hot tea or coffee by the victim of the joke melt immediately. Unless continually cleaned and polished they rust rapidly, and the rust in some instances is very poisonous. Among the dangerous metals used in making these spoons are antimony, bismuth, zinc, lead, cadmium, and mercury.

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

RED LETTER POEMS by English Men and Women. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., No. 13 Astor Place. pp. 648. Price, \$1.25.

This is a beautiful volume; superior quality of paper, gilt edges, red line borders, nicely illustrated, and elegantly bound with new designs for covers. It contains what are acknowledged to be the best poems of the best authors from Chaucer down to the present time, and cannot fail to commend itself to persons of taste who are fond of literature.

RUTHERFORD, by Edgar Fawcett. Author of "An Ambitious Woman," "A Gentleman of Letters," "A Hopeless Case," "Tinkling Cymbals," etc. Funk & Wagnall, 10 and 12 Dea street, New York. Pp. 210, price 25 cents.

A novel of New York society, touching off representatives of the Knickerbocker class. The author is gaining great reputation. The present volume is the August number of the Standard Library.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE. By Ella Farman. The Young Folks' Library. Illustrated. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, 25 cents.

This fascinating story, one of the best from the

author's practiced pen, will find a multitude of earnest and appreciative readers. It draws a sharp contrast between genuine, practical religion and its fashionable substitute, and shows the hollowness of a life not based on sound principle. The character of Lois Glalston is clearly and effectively drawn, and the story of her experiences in the Hurd household, with its changes brought about in it through her quiet but persistent influence, is told with skill and feeling. There is hardly a page without its suggestive passage, and we know of few books which contain so much that is really helpful to young girls placed in positions where self control, moral courage and self-sacrifice are required.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for August 9th and 16th contain, Bo-suet, Quarterly; Roman Life in the Last Century, and The Liberal Movement in English Literature, National Review; Newspapers, Fortnightly; Wren's Work and its Lessons, and Contemporary Life and Thought in France, Contemporary; Easter Week in Amorog, Macmillan; Among the Teutons, Temple Bar; A Peasant Home in Breton, Time; "The Boy Jones," All the Year Round; The Inner Circle Railway Completion, Globe; with instalments of "Beauty and the Beast," "Mistake at the Palace," and "The Baby's Grandmother," and poetry.

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$3) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with The Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. Contents for September: Aurora, a story, chapters V-VII, with frontispiece, by Mary Agnes Tucker; The Noonday, by Helen Gray Cone; Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade, second paper, by John Coleman; The Red Hat, by James Lane Allen; Not His Daughter's Choice, a story, by Celia P. Woolley; Gossip from the English Lakes, by Amelia Barr; The American of the Future, by Edward C. Bruce; A Week in the Killarney, a story, chapters II, III, by the "Duchess"; Curfew, by Anna Boynton Averill; Bohemian Antiquities, by Margaret Bertha Wright; At the Maison Doherty, a story, by Charles Dunning; A Summer Trip to Alaska, by James A. Harrison; Delacroix and Shakespeare, by Theodore Child; Our Monthly Gossip; Literature of the Day. Price, 25 cents. J. B. Lippincott & Co., 715 and 717 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is a brilliant and varied number, beautifully illustrated. The frontispiece is an engraving by W. B. Closson of "An Ideal Head," from the original painting by the late George Fuller. Elsewhere in the number there is an interesting article on this remarkable painter by F. D. Millet, with a fine full page portrait.—George H. Boughton continues his "Annet Strolls in Holland." The article gives us the quaintest glimpses of rural scenes in the Low Countries, and is written with a grace and animation that rival the charms of the author's wonderful pictures.—"A Run Ashore at Queenstown," by W. H. Rideing, finely illustrated, will recall pleasant memories to those who have crossed the Atlantic and lingered about Cork, while "Waiting for the Mail"; and to other readers it will be altogether novel and picturesque reading.—Ernest Ingersoll contributes an interesting article—effectively illustrated by A. C. Rodwood—on the Wheat Fields of the Columbia.—Miss Mary Gay Humphreys finds *Travella* a *blase* pleasure resort, but she invests the subject with unusual interest, nevertheless, and Mr. Reinhardt's illustrations show that the artist has certainly not been by any means sojourning in France, any of his pictures.

THE GUARDIAN, a Monthly Magazine for Young Men and Women, Sunday schools, and Families. Rev. J. H. Dobbs, D. D., Editor. Unconscious Prophecy, by Rev. J. H. Hester; Chinese Gordon, by the editor; The Will of God, by F. W. Faber; The Knowable and the Unknowable, by Perkiomen; Thomas Godfrey's Bible, by the editor; Money! Money! Money! by Rev. I. E. Graeff; Hidden Strength; The Millionaire; The Gander that took the Blind Woman to Church; Our Cabinet: A Curious Character; Campaign Poetry; Some Nuts to Crack; Our Book Table. Sunday-school Department: The Little Prince's Labor of Love; Comic Chimpantees; The Blind King; Funny Stories; Old Times; Lessons for September; Map; Order of Service. Philadelphia: Reformed Church Publication Board, No. 907 Arch Street.

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On August 12th, 1884, at the parsonage, by Rev. J. Dotterer, Mr. John F. Gumbert to Miss Maggie A. Patterson, both of Paulton, Westmoreland county, Pa.

In Lambertville, N. J., at the residence of Mr. Gervais Ely, on August 20th, by the Rev. T. W. J. Wythe, D. D., of Philadelphia, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wythe, of Bloomington, Ind., and the Rev. Dr. Stedford, Mrs. Elizabeth Ely to the Rev. John W. Faires, D. D., of Philadelphia.

Obituaries.
DIED—On the 18th of August, 1884, Mrs. Rev. J. F. Busche, of New York city, at the age of 65 years, after a long and painful illness, and was buried from the family residence on Irvington street, No. 108, on the 20th of August, in Greenwood Cemetery. She was softly bedded in a handsome casket, dressed in black cloth, and beautifully silver mounted. A large concourse of mourners filled the house and numerous funeral coaches blocked the streets without. Eight ministers of the Gospel were present to take part, if required, in the burial ceremony, and pay their respects to the dead and the living of this bereaved family. Rev. C. Brunner of the Reformed church at Bridgeport, Conn., had been specially summoned hither to conduct the services. At the house, after reading various pertinent Scripture passages, he delivered a short address having special reference to the subject before him. Mrs. Busche was a good housewife, and to her husband a faithful life companion in his official station as a minister of the Gospel. She is gone and now has exchanged her earthly house for a house above and the companionship of her Saviour in heaven. He who has comforted so many others in the past, must now seek to comfort himself with the same consolation of the Gospel.

The children have lost their mother. They will meet her again in a better world and which they must strive to reach. The congregation has sustained a grievous loss in the death of this good woman. Their loss is her gain. She was a true and loving friend, and most illustrious in patient suffering. We should not mourn as those who have no hope. We believe in the communion of saints on earth and in heaven. Her faith and works do follow her. She is at rest after a life of toil and sorrow.

Here followed a touching funeral hymn from the German Sunday-school song book, by the pastor's congregational choir, when Rev. G. Semmer, of the Reformed church at E. Brooklyn, offered up a prayer of praise to God for the long and thoroughly Christian life of the deceased.

political science in this country is Joseph Edgar Chamberlain's analysis of "The Foreign Elements in our Population," with interesting conclusions as to the foreign character of the population of certain sections of the country now and in the near future. The Rev. Newman Smyth contributes a thoughtful paper on "The late Dr. Dorner and 'The New Theology.'"—In "Topics of the Time" will be found editorials on "The Political Education of the People"; politicians as "Sheep and Goats"; "Art and Congressmen"; and "The New Astronomy."—An interesting feature of "Open Letters" is General R. E. Colston's account of his experiences in the Sudan, when, as a member of the general staff of the Egyptian army, he was the leader of exploring caravans. The object of the article is to point out the difficulty of "The Rescue of Chinese Gordan" by caravan up the Nile. Among the other "Open Letters" will be found "The Clergy and Political Reform," by the Rev. Dr. William J. R. Taylor; "More Words with Country Women," by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorner; and "Workmen's Clubs and Coffee Houses," by Charles Barnard.—The poetry of the number is contributed by John Vance Cheney, Miss Agnes Maude Machar, E. J. McPhelin, Miss Susan Coolidge, Mrs. Dorner, Andrew B. Saxton, and in "Brie-a-Brac" by Samuel Minturn Peck, Margaret Veley, Stanley Wood, W. W. Fink, Robertson, Trowbridge, and others. "So Wages the World" is a short prose satire on marriage beneath one's station, and half a page is devoted to "Uncle Esch's Wisdom."

Among the articles in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for September, three in particular merit the serious consideration of everyone who studies the tendencies of our government. The leading one is by Bishop J. Lancaster Spalding, who insists that the only sure "Basis of Popular Government" is morality, not culture of the intellect, nor universal suffrage, nor the development of material resources; and that if the country is to be saved from ruin, there must be a return to the uncompromising moral code of the founders of New England. The policy of "The Exclusion of the Chinese" is advocated by John H. Durst, who presents a striking array of forcible and original arguments against Mongolian immigration. Four distinguished writers on political economy, namely, David A. Wells, Thomas G. Shearman, J. B. Sargent, and Prof. W. G. Sumner, set forth, from nearly every conceivable point of view, the "Evils of the Tariff System," and it is announced that in the Review for October several writers of no less distinction will exhibit the "Benefits of the Tariff System." The other articles in the current number are "The Demand of the Industrial Spirit," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Inspiration and Infallibility," by the Rev. Dr. J. H. E. Bance; "The Need of Liberal Divorce Laws," by Elizabeth Cary Stanton; and "Our Remote Ancestry," by Prof. Alexander Winchell.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, August, 1884. Contents: Goethe, by Professor J. R. Seeley; Leo XIII, by R. Bonghi; Technical Instruction in America, by J. H. Bigg, D. D.; Christianity and the Equality of the Sexes, by the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies; The British Association at Montreal, by Principal Grant; Party Government, by Matthew Macfie; Gold-Worship, by Dr. F. A. Paley; The Political Crisis, by H. D. Traill, D. C. L.; Contemporary Life and Thought in Belgium: the Liberal Defeat and its Causes, by Emile De Laveleye. Contemporary Records: Ecclesiastical History, by Professor G. T. Stokes; Poetry, by W. P. Ker; General Literature. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 1104 Walnut Street.

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and petition of comfort to the sorrow-stricken mourners. Old members and officers of the congregation constituted the pall bearers. The long and solemn procession now moved along slowly through the busy streets of New York city, toward the last resting place of the blessed dead, across the magnificent Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, to the world famous Greenwood Cemetery. Although the day was exceedingly warm, it was a sadly gracious day on which the last honors were shown the earthly remains of this Christian lady. The cemetery itself appeared at this time in all its picturesque glory. Oh, what a lovely city of the dead this God's acre of Greenwood is! Yet how sad to think that, beneath all this natural and artificial splendor, lie hid in the damp earth only the ashes and dust of so many loving hearts now so cold and still in death!

Mrs. Busche was interred in a new family plot. This was first formally dedicated by the Rev. C. Brunner to the purpose of burial of members of the Rev. J. F. Busche's family. The body now having been lowered into the grave, it was also duly consecrated to its rest, until the day of resurrection and the choir again sang this time, feelingly, in English, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." Hereupon the Rev. F. Fox made an address in English, urging the fond remembrance of this just woman, because she was no common person. As the minister's wife she belonged to the priesthood. As the pastor's wife she was the shepherdess of her husband's flock, and has shared with him many of the trials of his long and eventful pastoral life in the city and in England, and he will most seriously feel the absence of the patient and kind sufferer. His congregation must now stay his trembling heart, and strengthen his faltering hands in his sorrow and latter days.

The children can best honor their dead mother by following her faith and holy life. Her covenant keeping God must be theirs, and her heaven become their eternal home. She will not have loved them in vain, and cherished her dear children so fondly in their infancy, in youth and even unto death, if they meet her at last in heaven!

The congregation have shared her Mary-like gentleness so long, and she has met with them at the sacramental altar, and for song and prayer to God in the sanctuary so often, in years past, that she cannot, she must not, she will not soon be forgotten; the first member of their German Reformed congregation, kind to a fault to all who sought her love and her sympathy. Her joblike patience during her severe and long sufferings, has left us all an illustrious example of the conquering grace of God over the deepest of earth's sorrows and woes. We do best honor our loved ones by imitating their faith and conduct while we live, and then at last meet in that better land and life, where there is no sorrow and no parting more forever!

Now these solemn services were closed by the Rev. Mr. Hoehling, of the Episcopal Church, with a comprehensive and pathetic prayer. At the special request of the family, not many flowers were presented, but a few choice floral offerings adorned the last resting place of these dear remains of a wife and mother. There, on a gentle decline of an emerald hillside, under the mild and balmy shade of a group of young locust trees, lies Mrs. Busche buried, calmly waiting for other members of the family, who shall follow her to this lovely sepulchral retreat in death, and there rest with her in the Christian's hope of the final resurrection of the just.

Mrs. Busche was born in Scotland, lived in England, and was married in Liverpool. She leaves her husband to mourn her loss and lonely in their respective walks of life, the one a physician and the other a printer, and three devoted daughters who weep the loss of a dear mother.

Thou, true and faithful one,
Farewell! in peace depart,
To Him who, by His power alone,
Has quenched death's fiery dart.
To thy Redeemer's arms,
Open'd safe love to thee,
Go! safe removed from life's alarms,
God's face thou now dost see." F. F.

DIED.—At Allentown, August 14, 1884, Emily Louisa, only child of the Rev. Edwin A. and Annie J. Gernant, aged 13 months.

DIED.—On the 18th inst., Eva Salome Schussel, daughter of Cecelia and the late Christian Schussel, and beloved wife of Henry J. Crump.

DIED.—On the 24th day of July, in Baltimore, David Hartzel, in the 78th year of his age. The deceased was one of those quiet Christian characters whose ripened experience shows itself in his walk and conversation. Born amid the quiet of a country home, and trained to habits of industry, he proved himself a good citizen in the position in which it pleased God to place him. He found himself in early life in the midst of the temptations of a great city. But here the religious training of an early Christian home showed itself. He found his way at once into the Church of his fathers, and of his own choice. To this he clung with ever-growing tenacity and love. In the later years of his long life nothing furnished him more pleasure than to be in the house of God. His Bible was his constant companion, and its solacing promises did not fail him, even though the earthly tabernacle was so sorely shattered. In later life he carried with him all the buoyancy of youthful feeling. He was a loving husband, and as a father none were kinder. The Church has lost a member whose counsel and help were like oil on the troubled waters. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. PASTOR.

Tribute of Respect.
It has pleased Almighty God in His wise Providence to remove from our midst our beloved brother and elder, Michael O. He died on the 22d of June, 1884, from paralysis, in the 80th year of his age. He had lived in matrimonial life 55 years; had been a member of the Reformed Church over 60 years, and a member of Trinity Reformed Church since April 5th, 1883, or over 16 years. In all these years he has been absent from the Lord's Supper only three times, once by reason of death in his family, and twice by reason of his own illness. He was seldom out of his place at the Lord's day services, unless prevented by sickness or other inevitable circumstances. He served the congregation as elder for more than ten years, having been elected to that office four consecutive terms. In view of these facts it has been

Resolved, That in the death of Elder Michael O. this congregation has lost an active member, a devout Christian who has been faithful to his Christian privileges; and while we humbly submit to the will of Him who doeth all things for the best, we deeply sympathize with the widow and family of our deceased brother in their affliction, prayerfully commending them to the God of all grace and comfort.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing preamble and resolution be sent to the widow of our departed brother, and that they be published in the MESSENGER and Christian World.

Elder GEORGE HARTZEL, Committee of
WM. L. GRAVER, Bd. of Incorp'ta.
F. L. HOOPER, Christian World, please copy.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

At St. Luke's Hospital, New York, during the year there were nineteen baptisms, twenty persons confirmed, and eighty six funerals, besides communion monthly in the chapel.

The children in Presbyterian Sunday-schools contributed last year to the boards of the Church \$76,885, and to other benevolent objects \$119,942, or a total of nearly \$200,000.

Mr. Moody has announced his purpose to begin evangelistic work in Cincinnati during the month of October. He will then go to Richmond, Virginia, and afterwards make a tour through the South.

Rev. Dr. John Brown, the oldest Episcopal minister and Freeman in the State, died at Newburg, N. Y., last week, aged 93 years. He delivered the Masonic welcoming address to Lafayette in that city.

There are 65,000 clergymen in the United States, and some mathematicians, with plenty of time, has figured up that if they each preach two sermons weekly, it will amount to 6,760,000 sermons a year. If each of thirty minutes' duration, and delivered at the rate of 100 words a minute, they would each year fill 162,220 volumes of 500 pages of 250 words per page. If an average congregation of fifty was present at each sermon, there would be a total of 3,300,000 at a single service.

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions makes the following statement:—At the close of eleven months we are obliged to report the regular receipts for the present year \$26,000 less than they were during the corresponding eleven months of the preceding year. We need, therefore, during the month of August to receive not less than \$100,000 in order not to fall below the receipts of the preceding year. The Treasurer's books will be kept open for all donations intended for the present financial year until Monday, September 8.

A number of important changes in various Lutheran institutions is now being made. In the place of Dr. Valentine, who has been transferred from the college presidency at Gettysburg to a seminary professorship, Rev. Dr. McKnight has been chosen. Dr. Albert having declined. At Wittenberg, Ohio, Rev. H. L. Wiles, D. D., has been elected to the position made vacant by the resignation of Dr. Sprecher, of the theological department. As Dr. Gilbert did not accept the call extended from the authorities of the New Southern seminary at Newberry, Dr. L. A. Fox, of Kansas College, has been elected to the position, and a Gettysburg man has been called to the principalship of the preparatory department.

The organ of the Mennonites, the *Herald of Truth*, states that they have in this country 500 places of worship, 455 ministers, and 80,540 communicants. It also says that a Union of Mennonite Churches, under the name Mennonite Brethren in Christ, took place recently, but that the unity of the different Mennonite communities and Churches throughout the whole country is far from being attained. It also says: "There is a settlement of some dozen villages, embracing 4,000 of them, occupying some of the richest land of Manitoba, and as we gain knowledge of such communities in different parts of the country, we become convinced that they are more numerous than we at first supposed, and our figures above are altogether moderate."

Protestant and Episcopal Diocesan statistics for 1883 are given as follows:—Candidates for orders: 23; clergy: 208; parishes: 121; corner-stones laid: 14; churches consecrated: 4; to the diocese: 14; Churches and Chapels: 148; sittings: 69-720, of which are from 10,000; parish buildings: 65; parsonages: 30; rectories: 30; 69-720; 2,332; 2,343; marriages: 1,110; confirmations: 2,333; communicants: 24,696; services: 25,774; Sunday-school teachers: 2,858; scholars: 30,272; Bible class teachers: 202; members: 4,550; catechisms: 2,100; parish school teachers and pupils: 1,105; sewing school teachers and scholars: 2,781; teachers and members of industrial schools: 1,195; members of mothers' meetings: 1,794; guilds: 1,000; members: 14,372; receipts: \$387,064.67; value of Church property in the Diocese: \$9,500,000; indebtedness: \$319,087.18; amount of clerical salaries: \$218,000.

Abroad.

George Muller has returned to Bristol, England, from his extended missionary tour in India. It is stated that the expenses of holding the late Pan-Presbyterian Council at Belfast, Ireland, amounted to \$10,000.

The cartoons for the Mosaic decorations for the dome of the American Protestant Church in Rome, have just been completed, by Burns & Jones, of London.

The French government has granted a constitution to the Evangelical Church of Tahiti, which means that the Church will be allowed to manage its own internal affairs without the interference of local magistrates.

It is announced that a committee of the Free Italian Church, of which Father Gavazzi is a representative, proposes to approach the Waldenses on the subject of a union of the two Churches.

The bank of Shanghai with which the China mission of the Southern Presbyterian Church has had dealings for fifteen years, recently failed, and the mission lost over \$2,000. It is thought that the deposits will eventually be recovered.

The Freeman states that the Church over which Mr. Spurgeon presides as pastor dates from the year A. D. 1652. Of its early history the record is imperfect. The members appear not to have had any regular place of worship, but met from time to time in private houses.

New Zealand is said to have advanced wonderfully in civilization during the past twenty years. The missionaries, through their efforts, have brought the people from a state of degradation and cannibalism to a creditable degree of civilization. Sweet potatoes and pork are now their principal articles of diet. The island has over 500,000 inhabitants, half a dozen daily newspapers, 1,400 miles of railroads, and 4,111 miles of telegraphic lines.

The United Presbyterian missions in Egypt report much success among the Mohammedans. The report to the General Assembly says: "Every year many of the children in the schools are Mohammedans. In 1882 over five hundred Muslims were in our schools. In 1883 there have been five hundred and thirty six pupils from the children of Islam. During the existence of the missions forty-nine persons of Muslim birth have been baptized. Of the forty-nine there have been thirty-two ex-slaves, who had been brought from the Sudan; the remaining 17 were native Egyptians."

A singular excitement has been aroused in the Jewish communities of Southern Russia by the appearance of a Kischineff of an energetic reformer named Joseph Rabinovitch. He declares Christ to have been the real Messiah, supporting his theories by numerous citations from the Bible and the prophets. Rabinovitch is an enthusiastic and eloquent preacher, and is winning numerous proselytes. He is anathematized generally by the

Jewish press. A very remarkable conference has been held in Kischineff, at which the representatives of a hundred Hebrew families were present. They declared themselves ready to acknowledge their faith in the essential principles of Christianity, and desired to be recognized as a Hebrew branch of the Christian Church. They hold tenaciously, however, to many of the Jewish traditions and observances.

The following is the text of the decree issued by the Sublime Porte, forbidding the further settlement of Jews in the Holy Land: "The Minister of the Interior hereby makes known to all whom it may concern the unanimous decision of all the Ministers to prohibit the Jews from increasing their numbers in the land of Palestine; for the alarm raised by the Jewish press on the subject has come to their notice, and consequently it has been determined not to permit any Jew, no matter whence they come, to enter Palestine, or to enter the Holy Land, either by land or by sea. Only those who desire to pray at the holy places will have permission to remain for thirty days, on furnishing proper surety that they will depart after the expiration of a month. Their passports will be detained as security."

The statistics of the United Presbyterian Church of Great Britain, for the year ending April 30th, 1884, were as follows: Synods, 9; presbyteries, 90; theological students, 51; licentiates, 45; ministers, 732; licenses, 23; ordinations, 15; installations, 36; pastoral dismissions, 63; ministers received, 8; ministers dismissed, 6; elders, 3,333; Churches, 858; Churches organized, 52; Churches dissolved, 8; added on examination, 5,024; added on certificate, 4,876; communicants, 80,837; adults baptized, 1,110; infants baptized, 3,764; Sunday school scholars, 78,971. The contributions for all purposes totaled \$1,184,195. The average total contribution per member was \$14.45. The average salary of pastors, \$992.

It has been said of the English bishops that as a body they have been on the wrong side in every great crisis since the Revolution. This was certainly true in their attitude to the American War and on the Reform bill of 1832. In the present agitation on the Franchise bill, however, which may prove hardly less than a crisis, so far as the House of Lords is concerned, the bishops, from a liberal point of view, were on the right side. The Archbishop of Canterbury supported the measure in a speech worthy of a statesman. He showed an understanding of the political needs of the time, and especially the need of placing the English Church in sympathy with the people. This is a lesson which the English Episcopate has been rapidly learning of late years, and appear thoroughly to comprehend now, seeing that with a single exception the bishops cast a solid vote, twelve strong, for the Government.

Facts are Stubborn Things.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

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Personal acquaintance with lands and values. Over 100 loans in force. NEVER HAVE HAD TO FORECLOSE. A RED RIBBON VALLEY MORTGAGE, and have NEVER HAD A DOLLAR of principal or interest on any loan made here. Interest is not paid until the loan is repaid. These loans are very safe, and pay nearly three per cent. more than any other loans. U. S. BONDS, and receive interest as much as U. S. BONDS. I am known and trusted by leading business men and clergymen. East and West—men for whom I have been making these investments for NINE YEARS PAST.

REFERENCES: Rev. WM. L. GAGE, D. D., Hartford, Conn. M. E. GATES, PH. D., LL. D., President Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. Dr. W. J. MILNE, President Genesee Normal School, Genesee, N. Y. Hon. E. M. CLIFF, Manchester, N. H. Rev. JOHN W. RAY, Lake City, Minn. Dr. J. K. BUCKLEY, Myrtle Bridge, Conn. Importers and Treasury of the National Bank, New York. First National Bank, St. Paul, Minn. The Congressionalist, Boston, N. Y. Observer. All are pleased with my investments. Circular, with full information, references, letters from old customers, and a New Map of Dakota, sent free on application. Mention this paper. **E. P. GATES** GOLD FOLK, Dakota.

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JOHN WANAMAKER'S.

Store News.

It is a hard time for merchants, especially for manufacturers; and by a hard time we mean a time when they are losing money rather than making. This is the general fact. A merchant who bought his goods six months ago is sure to be losing now; a manufacturer who is at work on stuff that is already too plenty is worse off than the merchant. Such is the condition of most merchants and manufacturers now for a few months.

Wholesale merchants and manufacturers, both, are holding great quantities of almost everything in trade; holding—not for better prices—for buyers. Buyers are scarce, because merchants have got already more than they can sell. There is general stagnation.

But this very condition of things affords a signal opportunity for a merchant who is not burdened with goods and has the requisite outlet. He can buy any quantity of the most desirable merchandise, undersell the retail market, and still make a profit. This is our condition exactly.

We sell in a year more than four times the quantity of goods we now have in stock; and our sales are going to be more, not less; because we adapt our buying and selling to the times we are in. We spoke of making a profit on these low prices. Not always. We are not smart enough to judge correctly beforehand always. When we miss the best thing, we try next time. When we miss a market, we hasten to sell at a loss, instead of waiting after the ancient fashion; but the outgoing tide of trade here carries the wrecks off so quickly that we do not stop to grieve over losses. Time is emphatically money where events develop so fast.

What is the result, that we ask you to read of our problems and tactics? Why, the result is that here is a different condition of things from what you expect of the general dullness. It is said to be dull; no trade. It isn't dull here, not even in August of a very hard summer. Everybody is holding his or her money a little more firmly; everybody is a little more cautious in paying it out. That is all in our favor. The harder the time and the more cautious people become, the more readily they go to a place where advantage tumbles to their side of the bargain with the solidest guarantee (money back if they want) on the top of it. We are not old enough yet to be quite sure of the fact; but it looks as if hard times were actually good for us here, as if people might need the stimulus of fear to bring out the fullness of their estimate of what we are steadily doing in good times and bad.

The store is full of merchandise; and the prices are what our view of the opportunity makes them. It is not a time for the quickest things of fashion. It is a time for getting almost all the substantial staple things to wear and keep house with. It is a time to make money by spending it. It is a time for caution; but the caution is to

be shown in choosing what you buy, and the bargain you make. And surely when the bottom appears to be reached in goods, and the top of the purchasing power in money, and people are trying to be watchful and wise—that is our time to advertise, to tell as nearly as we can what is going on here.

JOHN WANAMAKER.

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Media Academy has a Physical and a Chemical Laboratory, a fine Gymnasium, and a large hall. Fifteen hundred volumes added to the Library in 1883. Apparatus doubled in 1883. A Grading Class in Commercial Department every year. Twelve Students fitted for College and admitted in 1883.

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MISS M. E. GARROT'S SCHOOL, 100 Reed Avenue, Brooklyn, L. I. Fifth year begins (D. V.) Sept. 15th, 1884. A limited number of young ladies board in the family, to whom the best educational advantages will be afforded. Will refer to former patrons.

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TIME TABLE—JULY 1, 1884.									
Stations.	H'g Exp.	H'g Acc.	Mail Train.	Day Exp.	Mail Exp.	N. Y. Exp.	N. Y. Acc.	N. Y. Mail.	N. Y. Day.
DOWN TRAINS.									
Lv. Martinsburg	7:00								
Ar. Hagerstown									
Lv. Hagerstown				8:40	11:45	4:15	9:05		
Ar. Chambersburg				9:12	12:10	4:48	9:38		
Lv. Chambersburg									
Ar. Greencastle									
Lv. Greencastle									
Ar. Chambersburg									
Lv. Chambersburg									
Ar. Newville									
Lv. Newville									
Ar. Carlisle									
Lv. Carlisle									
Ar. Harrisburg									
Lv. Harrisburg									
Ar. Philadelphia									
Lv. Philadelphia									
Ar. Baltimore									
Lv. Baltimore									

Stations.	N. O. Exp.	Acc'm South Train.	Mail Train.	Phd. Exp.	H'g Acc.	H'g Exp.
UP TRAINS.						
Lv. Baltimore						
Ar. Philadelphia						
Lv. Philadelphia						
Ar. Harrisburg						
Lv. Harrisburg						
Ar. Chambersburg						
Lv. Chambersburg						
Ar. Greencastle						
Lv. Greencastle						
Ar. Chambersburg						
Lv. Chambersburg						
Ar. Harrisburg						
Lv. Harrisburg						
Ar. Martinsburg						
Lv. Martinsburg						

• Daily. On Sundays runs only to Hagerstown.

Mixed Train.	Mail Train.	Mail Train.	Mixed Train.
A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.	A. M. P. M.
9:00	4:40	4:30	3:30
11:25	5:30	5:20	4:20
12:00	6:02	5:50	4:50
12:15	6:00	5:50	4:50
P. M. P. M.	P. M. P. M.	P. M. P. M.	P. M. P. M.
7:00	1:10	1:00	1:00
9:00	3:10	3:00	3:00
11:00	5:10	5:00	5:00
12:00	6:10	6:00	6:00
1:00	7:10	7:00	7:00
3:00	9:10	9:00	9:00
5:00	11:10	11:00	11:00

J. F. BOYD, Superintendent.
A. H. M'GILLI, General Ticket Agent.

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1884. 1884. LESSON HELPS

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Reformed Church Publication Board, PUBLISHED BY THE

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Rev. J. H. DUBBS, D. D., Editor.

Single Copy \$1.25 per year. Over 5 copies to one address, \$1.00 per copy, one year.

SPECIAL MEETING OF WEST SUSQUEHANNA CLASSIS.

At a special meeting of West Susquehanna Classis, held in the Reformed church of Centre Hall, on the 13th inst., the pastoral relation between Rev. S. M. Roeder and the Centre Hall charge was dissolved, and Bro. Roeder dismissed to Lancaster Classis, within whose bounds he has accepted a call.

At the same meeting, Mr. S. C. Stover, member of the senior class of F. & M. College, was received under the care of Classis as a student for the holy ministry.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Fall Term of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster will commence on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when the opening address to the students will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart.

FRED. A. GAST, Sec. of Faculty.

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE, LANCASTER, PA.

The Fall Term of this institution will open on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 A. M. The opening address will be delivered by Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D. Examination for admission on Wednesday, September 3d, at 2 P. M.

J. H. DUBBS, Secretary of the Faculty.

NOTICE.

Pittsburgh Synod will meet in general convention at St. Peter's Reformed church, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 17th, A. D. 1884, at 7.30 o'clock, P. M. Arrangements will be made for Excursion rates to the members on the A. V. R. and B. and O. railroads. Orders will be forwarded by the clerk to those entitled.

Pastors and charges will please furnish the Clerk with the names of the Delegate Elders ten days before September 17, 1884.

H. F. KEENER, Clerk, Manor Station, Pa.

July 26, 1884.

NOTICE.

All persons intending to be present at the Synod of Pittsburgh, which meets at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 17th, are requested to notify me at least ten days before the meeting. Unless this request is complied with we can not insure entertainment.

GEORGE HARTZEL, Elder, Mt. Pleasant, August 13, 1884.

NOTICE.

The Sunday-School Board of Pittsburgh Synod will report to the coming meeting of Synod the following subjects and speakers for its Sunday-school sessions: 1. The Model Teacher, by Revs. C. U. Heilmann and A. K. Kline; 2. The Model Scholar, by Revs. J. Wollbach and H. D. Durbaker. After the addresses by the appointed speakers, each subject will be open for general discussion. Opening speeches shall be limited to fifteen minutes, others to five minutes.

By Order of the Board.

A. E. TRUXAL, Chairman.

General News.

Home.

The Camp-Meeting at Ocean Grove last Sunday drew the largest attendance ever known in the history of the Association.

The U. S. Steamer Tallapoosa was run into by a coal schooner last Friday night about 11 o'clock and sunk. There were three lives lost.

The Superintendent of the Indian Training School at Carlisle returned last week from New Mexico with 77 young Indians of the Pueblo tribe, whose ages range from 9 to 20 years.

A cold wave has appeared in the north-west, and is spreading over the Upper Lakes and Canada. The temperature in this city has fallen very considerably.

In Chicago, on Saturday, the ostensible managers of the "Home for God's Orphans," were all bound over for ill-treatment of orphans placed in their charge.

The building for the exhibition of the Pennsylvania Agricultural Society having been completed, was on Saturday, turned over to the Society. The entire cost of the building was \$70,000.

All the bodies have been removed from the burning mine at Buck Ridge, near Shamokin, Pa. The mine is still on fire.

The Cunard Steamer, Oregon, arrived at New York on Saturday evening, having made the passage from Queenstown in six days, nine hours and twenty-two minutes. This is the quickest time on record.

Foreign.

The cholera is still spreading throughout France and Italy with increased number of deaths and new cases in both countries.

Advices from Western Africa state that the small-pox is raging at Coomassie. The king of the country recently died, and 800 subjects were killed at the funeral.

The World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association is now in session at Berlin, Prussia.

The attempt of France to exact by force the indemnity which it failed to get by diplomacy took place on Saturday afternoon, by the bombardment of the arsenal at Foo-Chow. The arsenal was destroyed, and several Chinese gunboats sunk. The French fleet suffered no damage.

Thirteen peasants near Odessa, Russia, have been attacked with symptoms similar to those of rinderpest. Two of the patients died. Troops have formed a cordon around the village.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, August 25, 1884.

WHEAT.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Super, \$2.50@3; winter extras, \$3@3.50; Pennsylvania family, \$4@4.25; do roller straight, \$4.50@5; Western winter extras, \$4.75@5.25; straight, \$5@5.50; winter patent, \$5.50@6; Minnesota clear, \$4@4.75; do straight, \$5@5.50; do patent, \$5.50@6.25; Wisconsin clear, \$3.75@4.25; do straight, \$4.50@5, and do patent at \$5.25@5.75. Rye Flour was dull at \$3.50@3.62½ per barrel as to quality.

WHEAT.—Sales of 900 bushels No. 2 Delaware red at 89½c; 6000 bushels do in elevator at 89½c; 3000 bushels No. 1 Pennsylvania red in elevator at 97c; 1600 bushels do do at 97c; 3000 bushels No. 2 red fresh in elevator at 88½c, with 87½c bid and 88½c asked regular for August; 20,000 bushels September at 88½c, closing at 88c bid and 88½c asked.

CORN.—Sales of 600 bushels very poor rejected mixed track at 57c; 1 car good do do track at 60c; 1 car low No. 3 mixed track at 62c; 63c bid for No. 3 high mixed; 3000 bushels steamer mixed track at 64c, and 1000 bushels sail mixed in export elevator at 64c, quoted on track at 65½c, with 63c bid and 66c asked on call for August; 61½c bid and 63c asked September.

OATS.—Sales of 2 cars new rejected white at 35c; 1 car do do at 34c; 2 cars new No. 2 mixed at 33c; 1 car new No. 3 white at 37c; 3 cars do do at 36c; 1 car old No. 3 white at 40c; 1 car new No. 2 white at 40c; 1 car do do later at 39c; 3 cars old No. 2 white at 41c; 5000 bushels No. 2 white August, 36½c, closing on call at 37½c bid and 37½c asked; 33½c bid and 33½c asked for September.

RYE was dull and nominal at about 60c per bushel.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$18@18.50; shoulders in salt, 7½@7¾c; do smoked, 8@8½c; pickled shoulders, 8½@9c; do smoked, 9½c; breakfast bacon, 11½c. Loose Smokers' Lard, 7½@8c; prime steam do, \$8@8.12½; city refined do, 9c; Beef Hams, \$29; Dried Beef, \$19@20; Sweet pickled hams, 13@13½c, as to average; smoked hams, 15@15½c, as to average. City family beef, \$13.50@14. City Tallow, in hogheads, at 6½c.

We quote live old hens at 12@12½c; mixed lots, 11@12c for Western; and live spring chickens at 11½c for good sizes; exceptional lots, 13c. Ducks, 9@10c; Dressed Chickens—Extra at 17@18c; do fowls, Pennsylvania, 15@16c; do Western, 14@15c; poor do, 12@13c, and spring chickens at 15@17c, as to size and quality.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras at 22c; Western do, 22@23c; do firsts, 18@21c; imitation creamery, 16c; Western dairy choice, 14@15c; do firsts, 11@13c; New York and Bradford county fresh tubs, 13c; selections, 20c; firsts, 14@16c; packing grades, 7@8c; grease, 3@5c; creamery prints, fancy, 23@25c; good to choice, 18@22c; fair, 12@16c; dairy prints, 12@22c, as to quality.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 10½@10¾c; do fair to good, 9½@10c; Ohio flat choice, 8½c; selections, 8½c; do prime, 7½@8c; do fair to good, 6@7c; Pennsylvania part skims, fancy, 4½c; do fair to prime, 2½@3½c; do full skims, fresh arrivals, 2@2½c, and old skims, ¾@1c.

REFINED SUGARS.—Refiner's prices for round lots were 6½@6¾c, as to brand for powdered; 6.9-16c for granulated; 6.7-16c for crystal A, and 6.1-16c for confectioners' A.

EGGS.—We quote Pennsylvania extras, 17½@18c; near-by extras, 17½c, and Western do at 17c.

PETROLEUM.—Quotations were 7½c for 70 Abel test, in barrels, and 9c for 110 test, in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote North Pennsylvania old at \$20 and do new at \$17; Western and New York State old choice Timothy, \$17@18; do fair to good at \$14@16, and good to prime new at \$14@16. Rye Straw steady at \$14.50@15.

SEEDS.—Clover was dull at 9@9½c per lb., as to quality. Timothy was firm and fairly active with sales of 50 bags fair at \$1.58 per bushel, and 150 bags prime at \$1.6½ per bushel. Flax was quiet but firm at \$1.40 per bushel.

FEED.—Sales of 1 car fine winter Bran at \$15; 3 cars coarse do do at \$15.50, and 2 cars fancy do do at \$16.75, all on track.

Live Stock Prices.

The arrivals of live stock at the various stock yards were: beefs, 3,000; sheep, 13,000; hogs, 3,300.

BEEF CATTLE were in larger supply and the demands of the butchers for lower prices had the effect of reducing rates from ½ to ¾c, or more, the latter on common; extra, 6½@7½c; good, 6@6½c; medium, 5½@5¾c; common, 4@5c; Texas, 4@5½c.

COUNTRY FAT COWS were demoralized at 2½@4½c.

MILCH COWS were dull at \$30@60.

VEAL CALVES were fairly active at 6@7½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS were in poor demand and prices continued low and a large number of inferior sheep and lambs sold at the lowest point of the season. Extra, 4½@5c; good, 4@4½c; medium, 3@3½c; common, 2@2½c; lambs, 3@7½c.

HOGS were in fair demand and prices advanced fully ½c on all grades, in sympathy with the West. We quote Western from 8½ to 9½c; country, 8½c.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were in fair demand and prices closed lower at 7@10½c, the former rate for very common stock.

DRESSED SHEEP were in fair demand and prices closed weak at 7@10c.

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